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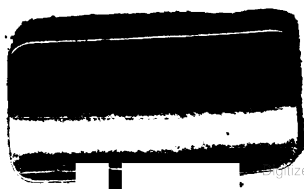
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PEACE CAMPAIGNS

OF A

C O R N E T.

Beautifully printed by Whittingham, with Characteristic Embellishments,

SAYINGS and DOINGS at KILLARNEY; or, the LEGENDS of the LAKES. By T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. M.R.I.A.

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OF A
C O R N E T.

Now in these piping times of *peace*.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN EBERS AND CO., OLD BOND STREET.
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LONDON :

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET-STREET.

PEACE CAMPAIGNS

OF A

C O R N E T.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASSIZES.

The business to the laws alone,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expences
By the labour of their consciences.

HUDIBRAS.

ONE fine morning, when neither the duties of the riding-school or barrack yard interfered, our cornet rode into the town of Clonmel, which he found in an unusual state of bustle—pigs, cows,

VOL. II.

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horses, men, women and children, tow wigs and great coats, presented one compact mass in the principal street. It was in vain that our hero, with an air of authority which at other times would, perhaps, have proved irresistible, ordered the rude rabble to make way before him. "Och wisha, and do you want to ride over us?"—"What a jontleman you are!"—"Where the devil are you going with your hoss?"—saluted him from all sides, and he did not advance one inch. As Pierce was debating with himself what all this could mean, he saw a carriage, drawn by four Rozinantes, moving slowly on through the crowd. Before the carriage, marched, with all the pomp of war, two men in livery, carrying white wands, with a fifer belonging to one of the regiments in garrison, who, as he went, ever and anon—

Blew a blast so loud and shrill,
 Wase ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;

at least, so thought many of the by-standers, who had been long taught to associate with such wood notes wild, the loss of those who were nearest and dearest to them. Upon Pierce, however, who had no such associations, this "Tip'rarian" pageantry produced a very different effect; and when the well known air of "Moll in the Wad" (which the artless musician had oddly enough selected for this occasion) came on his ear, he laughed so loud and long, as to arrest the attention of the crowd around him, who, concluding naturally enough that he was amusing himself with their feelings, shook their shilelahs, and seemed to threaten a general attack upon our hero. He thought it more prudent, therefore, for the present, to restrain his mirth, though he did not understand exactly how it was he had provoked the anger of the Tip'rary boys. At length the carriage already mentioned, approached the place where the

cornet was, and he saw within it, bolt upright, in pride of state, an individual, whose richly powdered wig and flowing robes proclaimed a dread minister of the law, and explained at once to Pierce the cause of this unusual assemblage of persons, and of the hostile feelings which he had so unaccountably excited. In fact, the assizes had already commenced, the judge was then on his way to the court-house, with the intention of entering upon a very long criminal calendar, even for the county of Tipperary ; and the cornet was in the midst of the numerous friends of the prisoners, in whose fate they naturally felt an intense interest. Pierce, who was fond of discussing legal questions ('twas no wonder, for he had already sat upon no less than three courts-martial, with much credit to himself), thought that this was an opportunity, not to be lost, of extending his knowledge of the laws of his country. Besides, he was still smarting

under a defeat, which he had suffered the day before, in an argument with the major, who was considered in the regiment an accomplished lawyer. "I shall floor them all (thought he,) at the mess, when next a point of evidence arises for discussion, and the major shall acknowledge me to be the better man." Accordingly he followed the judge's carriage, which soon brought him to the door of the court-house; and giving his horse to one of his troop, who was there in attendance, he entered with the crowd the body of the building. It was not without great difficulty that Pierce made his way; indeed his red coat did him no service. As the country was in a state of insurrection, and the military had been often called out to assist the civil power, they were no favourites with the lower orders. Perhaps, if our cornet had been a little less imperious, with a little less of the professed dragoon in his manner, he might have done better. But

no doubt he thought that an officer bearing his Majesty's commission, should assert himself—at least, should not be trampled upon by a greasy Irish mob. The time, however, was inauspicious; his orders and efforts were alike unavailing, and attempting to force a passage by applying one of his spurs to the bare leg of a Tip'rary boy, near him, who bellowed out, "mill' a murdra!" he was on the point of being rudely handled by the crowd, when a country gentleman, with whom he was acquainted, came to his assistance, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in procuring our cornet a place in the grand jury gallery. When Pierce got in, he found the clerk of the crown calling on the prisoners.

Clerk. "Patrick Gilloughly, are you ready for your trial?"

Prisoner. "Na, my lord."

Clerk. "Well, you must be ready to-mor-

row. Timothy Spillaan, are you ready for your trial?"

Pris. "My lard, my wutnesses arn't come yit; they'll be here a Monday."

Clerk. "The court can wait no longer, you promised to be ready yesterday. Gentlemen of the jury, you are to understand, that in No. 201, Timothy Spillaan stands indicted, for that he, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil—"

Prisoner.—"Och, my lard, my lard, I'm as innocent as the shyld unborn."

Clerk.—"Hold your tongue, Sir; his lordship will hear you, by and by.—On the third May, &c. &c. with a certain oak stick, value sixpence."

Prisoner.—"Och, my lard, my lard, I didn't do it."

Clerk.—"Silence, Sir.—Which he, the said Timothy Spillaan, then and there held, did

assault one Patrick Hurlihy; and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, &c. &c.”

After the clerk of the crown had read the indictment, in which he was interrupted from time to time (as already mentioned) by the prisoner, a smart, attenuated, little, bald-headed old gentleman, with small, sharp-cut features, whose superabundant vivacity and restless demeanour had already caught Pierce's attention, rose to address the jury, beginning *sotto voce*—

“Gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty, my painful duty, to lay before you the particulars of this case, which I shall do as briefly as possible; and, if I am rightly instructed, it is the most frightful, the most atrocious case that was ever submitted to the consideration of a jury of this county, or any jury—or any jury—

(here the learned counsel raised his voice rapidly to a *fortissimo*, and suited the action to the word by striking one hand violently against the palm of the other). I am not ignorant, gentlemen of the jury, of the history of this county for many years back (indeed I ought to know it, for I have myself, I may say, been engaged professionally in the greater part of the business which has come before the juries of Tipperary for the last thirty years)—I am not ignorant, I repeat, that this county has been but too fruitful in crime—that it holds a fearful pre-eminence in guilt over the other counties in Ireland.

Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia campos,
Jusque datum sceleris ;

and therefore I speak advisedly when I use such strong language. Gentlemen of the jury, the deceased Patrick Hurlihy went, at the time laid in the indictment, which you have heard,

to the fair of Thurles, in this county, with a view (as I am instructed) of making some purchases there. The fair was, as usual, very much crowded, and several tents were erected on the ground for the accommodation of the visitors. It appears that the deceased was sitting in one of these tents with some of his friends, quietly enjoying the classical recreations of the place. Now, gentlemen of the jury, the deceased wore a wig—a tow-wig; the weather was hot, and he did what I think you will all of you consider very natural for any man to do under such circumstances; he took off his wig, and placed it on a peg in the tent—on a peg in the tent.” (Here the learned counsel looked through a small eye-glass, which was suspended by a black ribbon from his neck, inquiringly, first at the judge and then at the jury.) “ Having done this, gentlemen of the jury, which any of you might have done under the same

circumstances, the deceased put his head out of the tent, to see what was passing in the fair. His head,"—(here the crown solicitor suggested the word bald)—"didn't I say so, Sir? His bald head was thus exposed for about a minute."—(Here the solicitor whispered 'two minutes.')—"No matter, Sir; I beg I may not be interrupted. When a tremendous blow, which, I am instructed, was given by the prisoner at the bar, felled him, the deceased Patrick Hurlihy, to the earth.

Sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.

(Here Pierce cried out, "Bravo, bravo!" upon which the judge called to the sheriff, "Mr. Sheriff, take that man into custody." The sheriff, however, could not, or did not care to discover the person who disturbed the court, and the learned counsel proceeded.)

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the blow was

given with such professional dexterity, that the unfortunate man never spoke after. I know not what defence will be offered for the prisoner at the bar. It will scarcely be said that the temptation was irresistible; that an Irishman, a Tipperary man, at a fair, emerging, perhaps, from the intoxicating atmosphere of a whisky shop, with a shillelah in his hand, could not be expected, in the superabundance of his strength and spirits, to pass by unnoticed so provoking an object as a bald head thrust out of a tent. But, gentlemen of the jury, his lordship will tell you that drunkenness, so far from being a justification, or even a palliation, is an aggravation of the offence. Will it be alleged that the blow was intended for somebody else, and that the deceased was killed undesignedly? If that line of defence be adopted by the counsel for the prisoner, I have to tell you, gentlemen of the jury, (and the court will

correct me if I am wrong), that if the act intended or attempted were a felony, the killing is murder. Your lordship knows" (said the learned counsel, putting his glass to his eye, and addressing the judge *sotto voce*) "your lordship knows that it is laid down in Forster, page 261, and in 1st Hale, page 441, 'That if a man deliberately shoot at A., and miss him. but kill B., this is murder.' I trust, however, gentlemen of the jury, that nothing which I have said may prejudice your minds against the prisoner at the bar. God forbid that it should! God forbid that any observation which I have made should induce you to forget that ancient and wholesome maxim of our law, that every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. At the same time, I have no hesitation in repeating that if my statement is borne out by the evidence, the case now submitted for your consideration (I

insist upon it) is the most frightful, the most atrocious case, that ever disgraced the criminal calendar of this county—or any county—or any county.”

The learned gentleman here concluded his statement, *fortissimo*, striking, with his brief, in the recklessness of his action, the well-powdered head of an old sentimental solicitor, who sat near him, and then sat down, *non sine pulvere*.

Pierce thought this was the very finest speech he had ever heard; several times during the progress of it he was on the point of applauding the speaker: indeed, once as we have already mentioned, he actually gave utterance to his feelings, and was very near being committed to the custody of the sheriff for his pains. The clerk of the crown now called the first witness, Dennis Fogarty—

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
'Dinnis Fogarty!' they shout around,
'Dinnis Fogarty!' the vaulted roofs rebound;

but no Dinnis Fogarty came, and after waiting a considerable time, the judge was desiring the counsel for the crown to call their next witness, when a head which "tower'd above his sex," was seen advancing through the crowd, and presently the aforesaid Dinnis, with difficulty emerging from the dense mass of persons who surrounded the table, stood confessed before the court and the jury. Schiller has said of Posa,

Das Jahrhundert,
Ist seinem ideal nicht reif—Er lebt,
Ein bürger derer, welche kommen werden.

Don Carlos, Scene 10, Act III.

Now, though we will not venture to predicate quite so much of our friend Dinnis, yet certainly it would not have been easy to find his equal amongst the boys of Tipperary. He was near seven feet in height, of astounding pro-

portions, and a long loose frieze coat, with ample cape and sleeves (which, made more for ornament than use, hung tenantless at his sides), set off his figure to the best advantage. His nether garment was of antique sheep skin, "rich with the spoils of time," and open at the knees; while round his brawny calves hung, in picturesque festoons, the sad remains of a pair of Connemara stockings. The expression of his countenance was various and contradictory; one set of his features seemed to be at war with the other; his heavy brow and restless eye "portended treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" but then a paradise of fun and good humour was opened in the lower region of his face. In short, he was evidently (as the saying is) up to any thing, and the general *bizarrierie* of his appearance was not a little aggravated by his having taken a glass too much that morning. After Dinnis was sworn (and this was no easy

matter, for he was twice detected in kissing his thumb instead of the book), he took his seat, looking knowingly at the gentleman of the bar who was going to examine him, as much as to say, "by my shoul, Mr. Counsellor, but you shan't be after coming over me with your blarney any way." The examination then proceeded.

Counsel. "Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?"

Witness. (pretending not to hear, and inclining his body towards the counsel) "What's that, Sir?"

Counsel. "Did you know Patrick Hurlihy?"

Witness. "Did I know him?"

Counsel. "Yes, Sir ;—did you know him?"

Witness. "Did I know him?"

Judge. "Why don't you answer the question, witness? Did you know him?"

Witness, (with much impatience, as if he thought that the counsel knew this as well as

himself, but was affecting ignorance for some sinister purpose) "Why to be sure I did."

Counsel. "Is he living or dead?"

Witness. "Living or dead?"

Judge. "Why don't you answer the question, witness? I shall put you into the dock if you don't. Come, Sir, is he living or dead?—answer that gentleman."

Witness, (advancing close up to the counsel and looking him in the face, as much as to say, "I now see clearly you are trying to humbug me, but I'll show you that I'm not such a spalpeen as you take me for") "Damned well, you know he's dead."

Dinnis was now called to order by the court, and threatened with being sent to gaol if he did not conduct himself with more decorum. The examination then continued a good deal in the same strain (Dinnis, notwithstanding the warning given to him, re-echoing almost every ques-

tion before he answered it), until he was called upon to identify the prisoner at the bar. Dinnis then rose, and looked round the court in every direction but the right one, standing for a considerable time, as if in great perplexity, and without saying a word. A wand was now put into his hand, and the judge desired him to place it on the head of the man who had struck the deceased Hurlihy. Upon this Dinnis commenced a most scrutinizing search, thrusting the wand in every direction through the crowd, as if to poke out the villain should he endeavour to conceal himself, and standing on his toes lest any one should escape him. At length, (as if he had suddenly and unexpectedly made the long wished for discovery) he placed the wand on the head of a young gentleman of the bar, who had just entered the court. Roars of laughter followed this palpable hit of Dinnis, in which he himself joined most heartily, and the

counsel for the crown, after threatening him, to no purpose, with an indictment for perjury, in order to induce him to identify the prisoner, ordered him at length off the table. Though the crown was so far unsuccessful, the second witness fully identified the prisoner at the bar, and the case for the prosecution was then closed. At this moment, there was a general cry of "make way for counsel!" and Pierce saw a large man, of massive though not unwieldy proportions, moving through the crowd.

As if glorying in his might, this great character disdained to insinuate his portly circumference whenever an opening might present itself, and so to wind his weary way, but flung his body fearlessly amongst the opposing masses of his fellow-creatures, and bore down all before him, while the attorney for the prisoner, who had hitherto been obliged to conduct the defence single-handed, watched his won-

drous progress with anxious eye, and an expression of countenance which seemed to chide the unfeeling multitude for visiting the ample sides of his favourite counsellor too roughly.

“ Oh, Counsellor ! I’d have been lost, if you hadn’t come,” said the sensitive attorney ; “ indeed, I’m afraid they are too strong for us as it is !”

“ What have they proved ?—what have they proved ?” asked the counsellor, in a hurried manner ; and then a close conversation followed between the counsellor and his wily employer, which was not audible in the grand-jury-gallery. Pierce, who had often sentenced a fellow at a court-martial, upon evidence infinitely less cogent than that produced against the unhappy man in the dock, was now puzzling his brains to anticipate what could be said in his behalf, when the aforesaid ponderous limb of the law rose.

*Talis prima Dares caput altum in prælia tollit,
Ostenditq. humeros latos, alteraque jactat
Brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras.*

“My lord,” said this legal Dares, pulling his wig violently with both hands, until he had got it quite awry, “I humbly submit to your lordship, that the prisoner at the bar should be acquitted. They have failed ; indeed they have not even attempted to prove the length and breadth of the wound, which is quite material. The doctrine is laid down distinctly in 2nd Hale, that the length and breadth of the wound must be shewn in all cases where it is possible to do so. Now here, my lord, there has not been even a scintilla of evidence upon that point.”—(Here the counsellor took another pull at his wig.)—“Indeed, for any thing which your lordship has heard this day, my client—my unfortunate client, may be perfectly innocent of the charge brought against him.” (‘The devil he might !’ says Pierce to himself.) “For

how does the indictment run? (give me the record.) Now I pray your lordship's attention to this for a moment. 'On the 3rd of May, &c. and so forth, with a certain oak stick, and so forth, which he the said Timothy Spillaan then and there held, did assault one Patrick Hurlihy, and in and upon his head did give him one mortal wound, of the breadth of three inches, and of the depth of four inches, and so forth.' Some evidence has been given, I understand (for I was engaged in the other court when this case was called on), that the prisoner at the bar struck the deceased Patrick Hurlihy; but that is not enough: they should have gone further, and shewed that the wound was of the dimensions described in the indictment, for *non constat* that it is the same transaction. Such evidence, even in a civil action, would not sustain the declaration; but my unfortunate client's case is much stronger,

standing here as he does in a criminal court. He is not, it is true, in affluent circumstances ; but, good God, my lord ! is there to be always one law for the rich and another for the poor in this ill-fated country ? Are the lives of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth to be squandered away in this clumsy manner ? Are the bloated, the base aristocrats who"—(Here the eloquent gentleman was called to order by the bench).—" I beg your lordship's pardon ; perhaps my feelings led me to say what was irrelevant. I shall not trespass further on the time of the court ; but I call upon your lordship, upon the principles of common sense"—(' This is too bad,' thought Pierce)—"and the authority of Hale, and all the authorities, to acquit the wretched man at the bar."—(Here the great counsellor raised his shoulders to his ears, and moved his body as if he was in the act of sawing a piece of timber in a sawpit, a grace of

action peculiar to himself, and with which he was in the habit of enforcing his oratory.) The antique vivacious gentleman who had stated the case for the prosecution, and who exhibited symptoms of the most ludicrous impatience while his opponent was arguing this point of law in his client's favour, was now again on his legs, and darting his tiny person between the judge and the junior counsel for the crown, who was about to reply, said (with elaborate calmness, *pianissimo*, *tempo*, *adagio*) :—

“Surely your lordship knows that, even where it is necessary to state the length and depth of the wound, it need not be proved.”

Judge. “As laid.”

Counsel. “I knew so, I said so, I was going to say so.” (These words the learned gentleman uttered with a rapid *staccato*, which was in singular contrast to his *legato* exordium, and brought down peals of laughter from the bar.

This evidently discomposed the counsellor not a little, who first looked round him indignantly, and then proceeded) :—"Need not be proved as laid—as laid : but in this case, I contend it need not be proved at all." (Here both the counsellor's hands were brought into violent collision.) "Your lordship will recollect that this is the case of a contused wound—of a contused wound;" (Here the hands of the counsellor were again in action to enforce the emphatic words.) "And I believe your lordship will find, that where it is alleged (which it is, in substance, in this case, for the instrument is stated to be an oak stick, value sixpence—value sixpence), that the wound was a contused one merely, it is not necessary to prove the length and breadth of it. Your lordship may recollect a case which occurred in this county, in the spring assizes of the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine—one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine."

(The learned gentleman mentioned the year, first, slowly and solemnly, and then repeated it *prestissimo*, striking, as before, one hand vehemently against the other.)

Judge. "I was not called to the bar at that time."

Counsel. "Well, no matter; the very authority which my learned friend has quoted (give me Russell) will bear me out in my proposition. I have doubled down the page, my Lord." (Here the learned counsel handed a book up to the bench.) Pierce could not make head or tail of all this; "what matter," said he to himself, "how long or how broad the wound was if it caused the man's death? but I suppose I shall know more, by-and-by, when the judge comes to give his opinion." The judge, however, who was considered to be a very learned lawyer, soon plunged our hero into a chaos of legal metaphysics. It was in vain that Pierce

with every disposition to be enlightened, tried to follow his lordship's subtle ratiocination. At length, tired out at once with the length of the trial, and his unavailing efforts to comprehend the discussion on the point of law, he left the court-house perfectly mystified, (*hibernice*) fairly bothered.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh ! 'tis the curse of love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.

Two Gentlemen of Verona

THE cornet had not sojourned more than three months at Cahir, during which period he had many opportunities of participating both in the festivities and disturbances with which the fine, but riotous county of Tipperary, is so strangely chequered, when, one morning, soon after the return of the trumpet-major from the post-office, Adjutant Muzzy appeared in the cornet's room, and handed him a memorandum

from the colonel, which set forth that he, "Cornet Butler, was to proceed forthwith to Cork, there to relieve Lieutenant Shirker, who had obtained leave of absence to go to England, on private business of the utmost importance."

This intelligence was by no means unwelcome to Pierce; two years had now nearly elapsed since he had left home, and he felt naturally anxious to renew his acquaintance with old friends and old scenes. This arrangement would also enable him to eat his Christmas pudding at Ballybutler; and, not the least prominent in his thoughts, would relieve him from that rack-ing doubt respecting the feelings of Susan Lovett, which, "ever and anon," embittered his repose.

Cheerfully, therefore, did the cornet witness the transference of his property into chests and portmanteau, in which operation the zealous Carbine and his wife most diligently officiated.

Pat expressed his surprise that "what brought the masther's things there, wouldn't bring 'em away agin;" but accounted for the fact by his own belief, that "clothes always grows big by thravellin'," never recollecting that Pierce had been obliged to buy an entirely new undress uniform, in the place of his second-hand purchase from the paymaster, which, after a year's wear, he found ~~did not~~ at all fit him; the inutility of this suit, however, made no difference to Pat, who had a trick of packing up every thing that came in his way; indeed, to such an extent did he carry this propensity, that the cornet, during his march to Cahir, found himself, not unfrequently, in possession of the combs and night-caps belonging to the proprietors of the inns where he had been billeted. The second-hand suit, therefore, was not forgotten, and Pat having squeezed into the last trunk about twice as much as it was originally in-

tended to carry, looked up at his master with a highly satisfied air, and asked, "whether there was any thing else to go?" Pierce laughed at the idea of such a possibility, and sent him to inquire after the best mode of conveyance for himself and baggage to Cork.

Pat, departing, said, "he would find all that out in less than no time from Mr. Houlahan, the furniture man, forenent the barrack-gate," and soon returned with the information that the Dublin mail did not pass through Cahir to the south, until three o'clock in the morning, but that "there was an *ilegant* jaunting car, Mr. Houlahan said, which started at two o'clock every afternoon."

On the faith of Mr. Houlahan's representation, Pierce selected the latter conveyance, and soon after the time specified, was on his way to Cork. The "*ilegant* jaunting car," "caravan," "car," or "jingle," by each and all of

which names the machine was known, was a two-wheeled uncovered vehicle, carrying six passengers, *dos-à-dos*, whose legs were protected from the weather, mud, and other casualties, by large leather aprons; the centre part of the machine was occupied by the luggage, and the whole was drawn by two horses, and driven by a humorous, great-coated charioteer, who acted in the threefold capacity of coachman, guard, and companion to the passengers.

Skirting the base of the magnificent Gallic mountains, which, fencing the glen of Aherlow on one side, form, on the other, the right boundary of the road from Cork to Mitchelstown, they entered the latter place, where a change of horses awaited them. Here the cornet seized the few minutes' freedom which the delay afforded him, to catch a hasty view of the princely castle just completed by the Earl of Kingston; and having seen enough to give him

a decided conviction of the taste and magnificence of the noble projector, he returned to resume his seat on the "caravan."

Being "centre by threes," between a fat Clonmel quaker, and a not much dissimilar sized Fermoy brewer, the cornet did not feel his situation very comfortable, and was not sorry when, having passed the dreary mountain country which intervenes between Mitchelstown and Kilworth, the car descended towards the smiling Funchan river, and the diversified beauties of the picturesque Moore Park; here the driver directed his attention to the beautiful ruins of Cloughleagh Castle, which, boldly situated on the verge of the river, form such an invaluable addition to the adjacent demesne, and directing his attention to the shattered walls, and mutilated battlements, added,

"'Tis the grey stone 'tis built with, Sir, that—
'tis called after Clough-a-leagh, sure, and a

purty name it is, though it looks all *yellow* now, entirely, with the moss. Do you see the *rix*,* there, in the field?" he continued; "there it was where the bloody soldiers of that murdering thief of the world, Cromwell, planted their great guns, and began battering away at the castle, as fast as shot could fly; but you see they may just as well have been firing at the air, for the never a one of them could hit it, and so they were obligated, you see, to *bumbard* it, which is what they used to call starving out a place, in the old times. Well, for certain, 'twas to the greatest perfection of distress that the poor Irish—the creatures of the world—(well, if my heart, now, doesn't bleed for them)—'twas to the very greatest perfection of distress they were pushed by them bloody-minded Cromwellians keeping watch that nothing should come near them.

* *Rise.*

And 'twas rats, and such like *varmint*, they were eating in inside of the castle, and sure glad to get that same ; 'till at last,' says Cromwell, says he, 'there's no use stopping any long here ; 'tis to no good at all,' says he, 'to be thinking to take that damned Castle of Cloughleagh.'"

Here the quaker, with a demure look, interrupted the driver in his history of the siege of Cloughleagh, by the question, "Art thou sure *that* was what Cromwell said?"

"The very words, surely," replied the driver, nothing disconcerted ; "Oh, I'd take my bible oath to the very words. 'Indeed, 'tis to no good at all,' says he, 'to be thinking to take that damned Castle of Cloughleagh.' Sure I *hard** my father, God rest his soul, any way, honest man, tell all about it as often as I have fingers and toes on me, and sure he ought to

• Heard.

know. Oh ! 'twas the very words, indeed, ' that damned Castle of Cloughleagh.' Why, that Cromwell thought nothing at all about rapping out a thundering oath, let alone saying a little bit of a damn that has no harm in life in it. ' Well,' says Cromwell, to his soldiers, ' boys,' says he, ' by daddeens, we'll be off to-morrow morning with the first light, bag and baggage,' says he. Well, in the evening there came a piper among the soldiers, who were great dancers to be sure, and he played up elegantly, and the soldiers were footing it bravely, when out comes Cromwell himself, and up he goes to the piper— ' Here,' says he ; ' here's my hand and word for you, that I'll make a man of you, and all the rest of your family, if you just step up to the castle, by way of being of friend to them inside, and find out for me how many days longer they can stand the racket.' The piper was a bold fellow, and away with him ; up he went, danc-

ing and playing, to the castle gate, and singing merrily, as if he was giving them the notice of Cromwell's being off with himself. "*Connestu, connestu, connestu remele?*"*—these were his very words. Well, the poor Irish within thinking, from his speaking in their own way, and knowing him in the country of old, made sure of his being a friend to them. So a poet they had inside, one M'Auliffe, by name, though they did not open the door, sung out, matching it to the tune—

Thaum she go thubes though
 Gan pookly nehil gum,
 Ne brain ishkegum—nehil raw na minegum—
 Nehil leum se thigigum.

"Stop, friend," said the quaker; "can you give us the meaning of this in English?"

"Oh, not properly at all. 'Tis beautiful

* How are you—How are you—How are you inside?

poetry—sweet as honey every word is, and they all match so cleverly ; but it means—only you hav'n't let me finish it—it means, you see, that they were in a sad state within, having nothing to eat, and that they were without water, and had neither bread nor meal. Oh, I can't English it rightly. If you could but understand the Irish, it would make your heart bleed for them. Well, away went the piper, singing gaily as any skylark, back to Cromwell, and he told him of the state they were in at the castle ; so Cromwell stopped for another day, and the castle was, you see, obligated to be given up to him ; and 'twas he, to be sure, that didn't spare the hanging and shooting of the poor half-starved Irish that he took in it. 'Twas all the means of that rascally piper, the downfall of Cloughleagh. *Cundune na Clough a leha*, is the name of the blackguard piper's tune," which,

without further preface, the driver began, in a mixture of singing and whistling :—





Ascending now, the distant mountains of Kerry bounded the horizon, which was again interrupted by nearer eminences, until arriving at a precipitous descent, the sparkling walls and cheerful edifices of Fermoy came in view ; and, crossing the rapid Blackwater, over a handsome bridge, they stopped a second time to secure

fresh horses ; but no time was allowed the company for either eating or idling, for soon the "caravan man" cracked his whip, and quickly all legs were snugly tucked behind the leather aprons ; and, dashing through a crowd of beggars, they soon left Fermoy far behind. Kilshanick, Lisnegar, and the sweet clematis-covered cottages of Rathcormuck, flew by without a pause to dwell upon their beauties ; nor did the caravan stop at Watergrass-hill longer than to enable the gossoon to comply with the driver's injunction, that the horses should only get "the laist dthrop in life of wather ;" but here, as at Fermoy, a crowd of beggars assailed them, and the driver's signal for departure was heard with universal satisfaction. Descending now for some miles from the high ground upon which Watergrass-hill was situated, they approached, by a somewhat serpentine course, the romantic glen of Riverstown, and all that

exquisite scenery, which, accompanying the windings of the Glenmore river, is so pleasingly contrasted with the comparative dreariness of the country which immediately precedes it. Precipitately approaching the river by Glenmore church, they continued to follow its course until, where uniting with the wide expanse formed by the confluence of the sea and the Cork river, the humble mountain stream became lost in the vastness of its more favoured rival, which, swollen with the double offering of its tributary tides, rolled on in placid dignity, under the richly overhanging foliage of Lota; from hence, in full view of the opposite peninsula of Blackrock and its antique castle, which the dying beams of an autumn sunset now faintly gilded, they drove along the extended line of flat ground, which, running at the base of innumerable country seats, and sloping lawns, and rocky banks,

and deep, impenetrable foliage, led, girt by her noble river, to the "second city in Ireland."

Pierce welcomed the well-known spires; and gazing beyond their summits, as if, miraculously, his exerted sight could reach those walls in which the cause "alike both of his hopes and fears" was centered, he strained his eyeballs at the distant mist, and, after vain efforts to penetrate its density, relapsed into doubt, and pain, and misery.

The caravan at length reached the draw-bridge, and there crossing the north channel of the river, rattled over the rough pavement of that street which the good Catholics have honoured with the name of their patron Saint, and deposited its load at the office. Pierce was not long in reporting himself at the barracks, and having made a few hurried arrangements about quarters, hired a jingle to convey him to Ballybutler. As he journeyed thither, an *en*

passant visit to the Glebe suggested itself; this, he thought, would at once relieve his mind from suspense, and as he had not received the order to march for Cork in sufficient time to admit of his notifying his approach at home, he had the less hesitation in making his first visit to that house wherein all his affections were most engaged. Alighting, therefore, at a stile which led by a back approach to the rector's house, he dismissed his conveyance, and with a beating heart, stole rapidly along the path; the sun had just gone down, the pensive colouring of an October day was rapidly giving place to the more sombre tints of incipient night, and the startled flutterings of those birds who were frightened from their early slumbers, by the cornet's approach, gave a nervous animation to the otherwise stilly scene. "On such a night as this," said Pierce, "Susan, Eleanor, and I returned from a walk to the village, and Eleanor

asked me something about the moon, and I answered, I know not what, and Susan smiled, and then we walked on; and here, in this very walk, Susan caught a glow-worm, and laying it on her lovely little hand, and shewed it me, sparkling in the dark, and I thought she——”

“Loved me,” he would have said; but the chilling dread that it was not so, the uncertainty—viewing the case in the most favorable position—of the state of her feelings, completely overcame him; and, violently endeavouring to repress his increasing agitation, he pressed both hands upon his breast, and leaned against a tree for support; then recovering his presence of mind, he firmly resolved to know the worst; and darting forward, ran like lightning towards the house. In a moment the bell was pulled, the knocker was struck, and Pierce, breathless with the excitement of mind and body, was ushered into the hall by

one of the old servants. The man, with whom Pierce had been always a great favourite, was about to utter a loud exclamation of joy at this unexpected visit, when Pierce suddenly checked the oration with his hand, and conjured him not to announce him until he had a little recovered himself; then sitting down on one of the hall chairs, he endeavoured to compose his scattered senses, and finally suffered himself to be shewn into the drawing-room. Eleanor was preparing to tune her harp, and Susan was sitting, quietly working, in her usual position, near Mrs. Lovett, when the cornet entered. All rose, and greeted him with kindness, at the same time expressing surprise at his unexpected appearance. In Susan's manner there was something laboured that gave him strange misgivings; and he saw her with much astonishment leave the room soon after his entrance.

The cornet now underwent a strict cross-examination from Mrs. Butler and her elder daughter, who, with that ardent thirst for knowledge which has ever characterized the female sex, even in the most incipient stages of illumination, plied him with questions upon the most minute points of his occupations and amusements since he had left home. Pierce met these inquiries in a manner most unsatisfactory to the catechists; for, exclusive of a natural indisposition to gratify that sort of curiosity generally denominated "idle," which he had always possessed, his communicativeness was now still further impeded by frequent and involuntary wanderings of his eyes and thoughts towards the door, so much so, that Mrs. Lovett, despairing to get from him any connected narrative of the private life of a young dragoon officer, gave up the point, and told Eleanor to go on with her music. Susan at length re-

turned, and the cornet felt relieved ; and when Eleanor had concluded her performance, was collected enough to ask Susan for a song.

An alarming indecision of purpose now evinced itself in that countenance which formerly had never failed to express the gentlest compliance with any such request from Pierce as the present, and he found himself, for the first time, obliged to repeat a wish, the gratification of which, he used to think, afforded her equal pleasure as himself.

Mrs. Lovett now gave Susan a significant signal, which seemed to have a magical effect upon her intentions and movements ; for without any further solicitation from Pierce, the fair hesitator laid down her work, and, with apparent alacrity, but real unwillingness, moved to the piano, followed by the cornet. The distant situation of the instrument gave Pierce an opportunity of speaking to Susan, unheard

by the rest of the company, and he was resolved to avail himself of the circumstance for ascertaining the state of her feelings : while, therefore, she was engaged in seeking her songs among a number of music books, which lay upon a canterbury behind the music stool, he affected an intention of assisting in the search ; and intercepting her arm as it passed from one end of the canterbury to the other, he made an effort to seize her hand, Susan's arm was indignantly drawn back, and the gentlest of gentle countenances assumed an expression which he did not believe it capable of. But the meaning of that expression could not be mistaken : the blood ran back to poor Pierce's heart ; he would have given worlds to have been enabled to rush from the house, and hide his sufferings in the darkest shades of night ; but he had not the power of moving from the spot : a petrifying chill pervaded his whole

frame, and he sat rooted to the chair, in all the agony of wounded feelings.

Susan, although really annoyed at the confident overture of Pierce, and anxious, in sincerity, at once to shew him that he had entirely miscalculated the nature of her feeling towards him, was yet too benevolently organized not to view with much compassion and regret the unhappiness which deceptive appearances, and a too sanguine imagination had entailed upon Pierce; and having hurried over a short waltz, in place of the intended song, which she found herself too much embarrassed to accomplish, she hastily left the piano, and returned to her work. Pierce also rose; and feeling his situation becoming every moment more painful, gave notice of taking his departure for Bally-butler.

Mrs. Lovett expressed her regret, "that the rector," who, it appears,* was absent at a visita-

tion dinner in Cork, "should not have had an opportunity of seeing Pierce; but hoped, as he was now quartered so near them, that they would often have the pleasure of his company."

Pierce made his acknowledgments to Mrs. Lovett, bade her and Eleanor good night, and in a perfect tremor approached Susan; she, as if fearful that he would depart without his accustomed cordiality, stretched forward her hand, with a degree of intent that struck Pierce as being strangely inconsistent with her demeanour at the piano; he was not, however, disposed to quarrel with the qualification, and his eyes beamed with delight as he accepted this apparent testimony of kindly feeling: still further was his surprise and pleasure increased as Susan, with much adroitness, took this opportunity to place in his hand, unnoticed by her mother and sister, a small *pacquet*, which he

with equal dexterity conveyed to his pocket ; then, breathing more freely than he had done since his arrival, he cheerfully once more bade all good night, and bent his steps towards Bally-butler.

But alas ! short-lived was the cornet's joy ; for Susan's outstretched hand had borne no test of happiness for him, no testimony of that hidden affection which, in his wild enthusiasm, as he received her gift, he fondly imagined she might, from some unknown motive, have been anxious to conceal from her mother and sister, and, that having publicly evinced her objection to his attentions, she had taken this delicate mode of expressing her real sentiments, and of relieving his suspense. No : Susan's hand was extended to wound, and not to heal ; the *pacquet* contained—not an avowal of her affection, not a testimony of those feelings which her prudence had disguised—but the little “love-ring,” the

early offering of Pierce's devotion—the first timid evidence of that flame which burned, and was suppressed.

* * * * *

Pierce dropped the ring with horror, as the moonlight fell upon its gems: and, mortified pride rapidly succeeding disappointed affection, crushed the innocent trinket beneath his feet, and buried its fragments in the earth; then baring his burning forehead to the cool night air, he hurried from the spot like one pursued, and leaping over the stile into the Ballybutler avenue, soon gained the house. He felt that any transition of place and persons would be a relief to his agitated feelings; and, although he was aware of his unfitness to appear before his own family in such a state of mind, he yet preferred risking the interview to trusting himself to the effect which his own irritated, mortified, and self-accusing feelings might produce, if left

to be augmented by thought and solitude ; luckily, however, for Mrs. Butler, who would have been extremely alarmed, both at the unexpected arrival of her son, and also at his agitated appearance, she had retired to rest before Pierce reached the house ; and O'Leary, after his often repeated salutation of " welcome home, Masther Pierce, your honour is welcome, Sir," told him that there was nobody at all in the dthrawing room, but the " big masther and your uncle Jem, Sir, and the missis's brother's daughter from Castletownroche, God bless her."

Pierce had no great fancy to encounter the " missis's brother's sister," as O'Leary called his cousin, Geraldine Massey, who always exhibited a greater portion of cousinly affection for him than he had any ambition to receive ; she was, moreover, rather patronized by his father and mother, and the cornet had often conceived

strong suspicions that they wished "to make a match of it," for Geraldine was of "gentle blood;" and as Pierce could trace his descent on the father's side from the noble Ormonds, so could Geraldine and his mother produce a long genealogical character from "the white knight," and the renowned Fitzgeralds. Pierce, however, as has been said, had no wish to form a more intimate union with his ennobled cousin, and never heard the intimation of her annual visit to Ballybutler with much satisfaction; he made no reply therefore to O'Leary's intelligence, but silently followed him to the drawing-room. "Uncle Jem," was an elder brother of Mr. Butler, a country gentleman and a thorough sportsman, and an attentive landlord, possessing an activity of body and mind unproportioned to his years, and a buoyancy of spirits which rendered him, at the age of seventy, not an unacceptable companion to the youngest

stripling. A disappointment in his youth had made him rather illiberal with regard to the qualifications of the female sex, and he never missed an opportunity of justifying his celibacy by exposing their mental weakness and instability. The veteran made nothing of riding from his seat near Doneraile to Cork, a distance of full five-and-twenty Irish miles ; and, after still further extending his journey, by dining at Ballybutler, would, if necessity required it, return to Grange Park the same night.

He was also singularly indifferent as to the entertainment which he met with on these occasions ; he would sleep soundly on the hardest bed, sofa, or other resting-place which the house afforded ; he would devour, with equal cheerfulness, the toughest ram mutton and the highest doe venison ; and, in default of more nutritious aliment, would eagerly roll into his plate the contents of the potatoe dish, and dispose of its

simple sustenance with all the satisfaction of the most delighted epicure. Indeed the latter dish was rather a favourite ; and although, for appearance sake, and to avoid discovery, he did not often indulge in that description of dinner at his own table, yet, if his walk through the farms happened to be delayed beyond the usual dinner hour, he was not unfrequently to be seen partaking of his tenant's hospitality over a bowl of smoking "murphys."

It was after one of these long rides that Pierce found "Uncle Jem," at Ballybutler, and he shook the old gentleman's hand with sincere joy. After receiving the cordial "welcome" of his father, and the more warm salutation of his fair cousin—"Look how the boy has grown, James," said old Butler, gazing on his hopeful heir with delight. "This companioning will really make a man of him at last ; but," taking up his glass, as Pierce shrunk

from so close a scrutiny, and moved to the other side of the room, “you look pale, my boy!—has any thing been the matter?—you’re not come home on sick leave, I hope!”

Pierce assured his father he was quite well, and explained the cause of his unexpected appearance.

“Well, we won’t frighten your mother by shewing her your ghastly face to-night,” said the governor, “which, perhaps, is caused by fatigue, and, may be, to-morrow will bring some of your old colour back again; but have you heard of the doings at the Glebe since you left us?—By Jove, you are just come in time for the wedding.”

“The Glebe, Sir!—wedding!”

“Wedding! ay;—why, you look as if I had said funeral. Don’t you know that Susan Lovett is going to be married immediately, and that your friends at the Glebe are as

busy as bees, making wedding clothes, and what not?"

Pierce grew paler than ever ; but, with a power over his feelings, which he possessed to an extent that his general equability of manner scarcely rendered perceptible, he suppressed an almost bursting expression of internal agony, and summoned presence of mind sufficient to inquire into particulars. Geraldine gladly undertook to be his informant, and from her the suffering cornet heard, with mortification and pain, that, a few months since, an English ensign of an infantry regiment then quartered in Cork, had brought letters of introduction to several families in the neighbourhood, and, among others, to Mr. Lovett ; that Mr. Methold, for so the Englishman was named, being supposed of good family and connexions, and moreover an elder son, and heir to a considerable landed property in Northumberland, was particularly patro-

nized by Mrs. Lovett, who wisely thought that such qualifications would render the ensign a desirable husband for either of her daughters. Methold, therefore, soon became the *enfant de la maison* at the Glebe, was a constant partaker of the rector's Sunday dinner, and of his lady's evening tea ; devoting those hours which were not occupied by his regimental duties, in either accompanying the young ladies in their accustomed walk along the Lee, or an occasional and more extended excursion among the picturesque scenery of Blarney ; that, in short, Methold, having a tall, handsome person, with mild, gentlemanly manners, soon won the heart of the placid Susan, and the affection proving reciprocal, they were to be married, provided—”

“ Provided what ? ” eagerly demanded Pierce.

“ Why, Pierce, you appear rather seriously interested about the Lovetts,” significantly replied Geraldine, who had been watching the

workings of his countenance during her recital, and had seen the evidence of that internal struggle which was now tearing his heart.

“ Provided Methold’s father consents, and—”

“ Makes a good settlement on his son,” added old Butler.

“ And a fat jointure on the lady,” said Jem, laughing. “ Yes, yes, nephew cornet,” continued the uncle, “ old Mother Lovett is no such fool either, although she is making the wedding clothes, and giving the ensign his tea : and, mark my words, brother, but your neighbour, the rector’s wife, with all her cleverness, will be puzzled about those silks and satins yet, for, as I say to the tenants, when they want a lowering of rent, ‘ there are two words to that bargain.’ ”

Pierce heard the prophetic observations of his uncle, with that exquisite sensation of hope which comes so blissful when least expected ;

and giving immediate confidence to the imaginary probability which had been suggested, of such difficulties occurring in the pecuniary arrangements as might prevent the marriage, he eagerly seized the momentary consolation which it afforded, and felt his mind restored to comparative tranquillity.

But the night was growing late; and "Uncle Jem," having insisted upon the cornet joining him in the destruction of some devilled gizzard and mutton bits, after which he could not well escape the natural follower of hot whiskey punch, all parties repaired to their respective chambers.

CHAPTER III.

THE MATCH-MAKER.

Ast ego, quæ divum incedo regina !

VIRGIL.

Falstaff. Go to, you are a woman, go !

Hostess. Who, I ? I defy thee ; I was never called so in
mine own house before.

SHAKESPEARE.

“UNCLE JEM” was not unwarranted in the observations which he made respecting Mrs. Lovett and the intended marriage of her daughter, for this lady had proceeded upon a speculation extremely hazardous ; but before the reader can fully enter into the spirit of that system of “manœuvring,” for which the rec-tor’s wife was so deservedly notorious, it is

necessary that he be afforded some insight into her history and character.

Mrs. Lovett was the spoiled child of a silly mother, whose idolatrous affection for this her only offspring was rewarded by a rebellious violation of every duty towards herself, and a confirmed predominance of self-will in the character of her child.

Passionate by nature, obstinate by indulgence, this young hyena soon acquired a complete sovereignty over her weak-minded mother, who, having lost her husband at an early period, found herself in due season under the complete dominion of "miss in her teens."

It could not be expected that this independent young lady would delay long in selecting for herself a husband; and, accordingly, she played amiable before the simple-minded rector, then only a curate, and private chaplain to the Bishop of Limerick. Having a neat small

figure, small blue eyes, and a *naïveté* of manner which to a stranger disguised her wilfulness—possessing also a smattering of music, and such fragments of other accomplishments as she had thought proper to learn—young Lovett, though often warned by his more penetrating companions, thought he had at last found that goddess for his parsonage which he had so long wished for ; and though Miss Garrett had but little fortune, and was of low extraction, he spurned his friends' advice, and offered her his hand.

They were married at Limerick, the lady's birth-place ; but the society of this town did not long suit the now elevated taste of Mrs. Lovett, who insisted upon her husband removing to Cork. Through his patron's interest, Lovett's curacy was exchanged to the Cork diocese, and the living of Carigrohan soon after

falling vacant, he received the preferment, and his present glebe.

Lovett, "good easy man," soon discovered that his friends were right, and that he had "caught a Tartar." Madam would have everything her own way ; the servants were ordered here, the horses there, and the master everywhere ; new acquaintances were made, old ones were *cut* ; walls were pulled down, ground was broke up ; and one day, when poor Lovett wanted his own riding mare, for the purpose of attending a vestry meeting at the parish church, the coachman informed him, with a look of much compassion, that "the missis had sent her to Ballincollig for cabbage plants."

Thus was the unfortunate rector dependent upon his regal wife, for even the means of performing his official duties ; and he submitted, for a reason which has influenced many, simi-

larly circumstanced—"a quiet life." Years rolled on—the daughters were born—and the same determined spirit that induced Mrs. Lovett to resist every effort of her own mother, to form her mind and perfect her education, now led her to exercise the most tyrannical sway over her two interesting daughters.

Having employed that time, which had elapsed from the period of her marriage to the time when her children were first capable of receiving instruction, in endeavouring, by excessive industry, to make amends for her neglected education, Mrs. Lovett was at length enabled to be herself the girls' instructress in the spelling-book ; and, with her husband's assistance, to correct the first errors of pronunciation and grammar. Then, daily receiving as she gave instruction—treasuring up also, in a naturally good memory, the criticisms of reviews, the observations of men of science, and

every minute detail that her unblushing curiosity could extract from men of learning and intelligence, who chanced to be her guests—she soon obtruded herself on society as the possessor of high literary attainment. Confident in proportion to her ignorance, no subject was beyond her grasp ; the more profound, indeed, the more was it an object for the exercise of her argumentative powers : and when, out of consideration to her sex, and in courtesy to his hostess, a well-bred visitor conceded his position, she crowed with the exultation of a half-bred game-cock, and sneered her satisfaction with disgusting self-complacency.

But scientific and literary fame formed but two objects of Mrs. Lovett's ambition ; she would also be a vocalist—not one of your sing-song, every-day performers, who have just ear enough to learn the last new ballad, and execution sufficient to flounder over the accompani-

ment ; but a *prima donna*, a first class amateur singer of Italian (not one word of which, by the way, did she understand)—a reader of long intervals, at sight, and a ditto executor of the most complex chromatic passages ; all this too, in a voice which, of all known noises, bore most resemblance to that of the peacock ; for, although tolerable in her youth—at least, tolerated by Mr. Lovett in his days of courtship—it had, from long use, and frequent excitement of the jugular glands in bursts of passion, become so exceedingly hoarse, husky, and disunited, that the insensibility of a saw-sharpener was required by him who hazarded his ears with her penetrating discord.

The good lady's singing was, however, the most innocent of her weaknesses—that is to say, if one could bear it ; for if the listener had only nerve enough to keep his hands from his ears, and preserved such a distance from the

instrument as would enable him to watch the suitability of word to action, he could not fail to be amused—perhaps, to laugh outright.

The latter was, however, a serious crime, and whoever ventured so far to forget himself as to exhibit the smallest wrinkle of a laugh while Mrs. Lovett was singing (comic Italian alone excepted), must bid adieu to all hope of another invitation to the Glebe.

But the trait in Mrs. Lovett's character more immediately connected with this part of our history, remains yet to be told. She considered herself a "match-maker" of the first order. True, her experience had not afforded her any extraordinary advantages over her neighbour matrons, in this peculiar branch of matronly duty; for, except her own well-planned and executed marriage with Mr. Lovett, she had never made any application of the art; but the

learned lady had a certain straight-forward theory on the subject (if straight-forward it could be called, which justified any means of attaining the object), which, in her own eyes, rendered her superior to the majority of contemporaries. Mrs. Lovett's motto was "*finis coronat opus*," not that it is pretended the good lady understood Latin (although she often quoted the language), but that her idea with regard to "match-making" was, "the end justifies the means;" and to the utmost stretch of this theory, she was now fully acting.

Methold was an elder son, and supposed heir to a handsome fortune—consequently a desirable son-in-law for Mrs. Lovett. Methold was asked to the house, and asked again; he fancied Susan, proposed for her, and was accepted. "But," said Mrs. Lovell to the loving Ensign, "you must write to your father about the settlements."

Methold was "sure his father would do every thing that was right." Meantime, Mrs. Lovett laid in the materials for wedding clothes, and, in conjunction with her daughter Eleanor, and the destined bride, commenced manufacturing them at the Glebe; for, anticipating objections from Methold's father, she conceived that a display of being in earnest on her part, conveying, as it did, a negative assertion that Methold's honour was implicated, would tend to remove whatever reluctance the father might feel to oppose the marriage, or refuse making a sufficient settlement upon her daughter.

Thus was the case circumstanced at the period of the cornet's visit. All parties were in suspense—all anxious; and Methold, at Mrs. Lovett's suggestion, had just obtained one month's leave of absence from his regiment, for the purpose, as his intended mother-in-law said,

“of facilitating the business, by personal communication.”

The possibility of failing in her deep-laid scheme, and the consequent disappointment which such an event would occasion to her daughter and young Methold, did not in the least disturb the repose of Mrs. Lovett; for she had laid it down as an axiom, that “nobody could die for love,” and felt no compunction in allowing the fullest scope to her daughter’s feelings, and suffering the warmest interchanges, and reciprocal expressions of affection, between her and Methold—even though such encouragement should terminate in the breaking off of the marriage, and the destruction of their sanguine hopes. “I have no notion,” she would say, “of all that girlish romance about love and constancy, plighted faith, and such-like absurdities, which only distract a woman’s attention from the main point, and create in her

mind a dangerous carelessness about future prospects; the establishment is the thing to look to—the settlement, the jointure. ‘Love in a cottage,’ indeed! Don’t talk to me of such nonsense. When I married Mr. Lovett, I took good care that he came down with a jointure of one thousand six hundred per annum; and no man shall ever marry one of my daughters without settling on her one thousand a-year, at the very least. They may tell me that all this should be ascertained before hand, and that it is wrong to suffer my daughters’ affections to become engaged without first ascertaining what settlement would be made: but no: I say the true plan is, give every encouragement to both; throw them in each other’s way as much as possible—confirm the attachment of the young man—work him to that state in which he considers his life not worth having without the girl; and then, when you

have him completely fixed, unchangeably bent upon his object, then, at that critical moment (for every thing depends upon a true judgment of the time), turn him out of your house, bag and baggage, and tell him not to shew his face there again, until he can bring a proper settlement.

“ Perhaps the father may object ; perhaps, having a large family, his circumstances will not admit of his giving so large a jointure to the wife of his son. No matter ; once fix the young man, I say ; excite his hopes to the utmost ; then make him perfectly miserable ; and if he does not work the rest for you himself, why I know nothing of the matter.

“ And as to the girl suffering, if the speculation fails, don't talk to me of such nonsense. That can never occur, if she is properly brought up—not a bit of it ; time, and another lover, will soon settle that matter. Besides, girls

should never be allowed to feel or think, in cases of the kind ; all should depend upon the mother : and, thank God ! I have brought up my daughters in such a manner that they never could depend upon me for consistency, or feel any confidence as to my intentions."

The latter assertion was strictly true. Mrs. Lovett having, no doubt, in view the ultimate establishment of her daughters, as widows with large jointures, had, from the earliest period of their susceptibility to disappointment, endeavoured to diminish that feeling by constant excitement of it. If a sugar-plum, for instance, was offered to one of the infants, it was not for the purpose of gratifying its palate, but that the baby should expect, and be disappointed ; if a rosy-cheeked doll was fancied, the wish was, indeed, at first complied with ; but just after the child had lavished her endearments upon the wooden idol, and, full of sanguine

expectation, was anticipating its improved appearance in gown and sash, the deceitful present was withdrawn, and all hope of its reappearance destroyed; and, in after-life, when dolls and sugar-plums had lost their interest, an expected ball or play, a promised drive to the races, a half-given ornament, or, sometimes, one absolutely presented, were all made subservient to causing disappointment; so that, in fact, even at the ages of eighteen and twenty, the gratifications generally experienced by these sweet, submissive, though tormented girls, were those which they never expected, and had least intimation of.

But these acts of torment were comparatively trifling—mere notices of preparation for the more serious trials which awaited them, when their increased attractions drew suitors and admirers around them.

Eleanor was the first sufferer from blighted

hope, and the deceptive system of her cold-blooded mother. This lovely girl, about a year before the occurrence of those events recorded in the last chapter, had formed an attachment to a Captain Herbert, of the artillery, then stationed at Ballinacolly; he had been first introduced to Mrs. Lovett, merely as a dancing partner for her eldest daughter, at one of the Cork balls. His family, connexions, and circumstances, were all alike unknown to her; but soon evincing himself a devoted admirer of her daughter—being, moreover, unexceptionable in manner and appearance, and consequently a respectable addition to her suite at any party—Captain H. was patronised at the Glebe, and his visits encouraged. The unsuspecting Eleanor, naturally gay, open, and confiding, returned his sincere professions of affection with all the enthusiasm of a woman's first love; and notwithstanding all her early educa-

tion, notwithstanding all the discouragement to hope and expectation which it had been her mother's efforts to instil into the minds of her children, and in spite of her repeated experience of that mother's want of feeling and consistency, she gave way to the ardour of youthful passion, and fondly anticipated a union with her beloved Herbert.

Balls and parties followed each other in quick succession at the Glebe. Herbert was always present ; if Eleanor walked, Herbert was suffered to attend her ; if she rode, he was by her side ; in short, wherever Eleanor was seen, there also was Herbert : and so completely did the assiduous lover monopolize the object of his affections in public, that rarely was she seen to dance with any other ; and it was confidently asserted, and as confidently believed, that they were to be married.

No formal proposition had, however, yet been made to Mrs. Lovett, for Herbert was poor, and dreaded the effect which might follow a disclosure of his circumstances. Day after day did he resolve to open the subject, and know the worst ; but the same dread of disappointment checked his utterance. Again he resolved, again was unable to execute ; and the timid, ill-fated Herbert, and his adored Eleanor, went on happy in the present, anticipating the future, and dreaming of bliss which they were never destined to enjoy.

At length, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of a friend in the regiment, Herbert was induced to walk up one morning, manfully, to the Glebe, to declare his hopes, and expose his circumstances.

It was, as may be supposed, on Mrs. Lovett's fiat, that his fate depended ; the poor rector,

good soul, not presuming to interfere in such matters : and, accordingly, to the lady manager he was announced, and addressed himself.

She, after hearing poor Herbert's disclosure—which, indeed, consisted of little else than a simple statement of the mutual attachment of Eleanor and himself, and a brief summary of his pay and allowances—sharply replied—

“The simple question is this, Captain Herbert—can you settle one thousand a-year jointure upon my daughter, or not?”

Herbert stared with astonishment at such a question—“he had never possessed above half that annual income.”

“Then what do you talk such nonsense for?” she replied ; and, turning her back upon the petrified captain, flounced out of the room.

Herbert remained for some moments, motionless, in the position where Mrs. Lovett had left

him ; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he appeared to think of some argument which he had omitted to make use of, and hurrying back to his barrack-room, wrote a long letter to Mrs. Lovett.

There, after detailing his long attachment, disappointed hopes, unfortunate circumstances, &c. &c., he stated that “ exchanging into a regiment in India would give him considerable pecuniary advantages ; and that if Mrs. Lovett would not permit the marriage to take place at the present time, he trusted she would not object to an engagement being entered into until such time when his finances would be so far improved as to enable him to make a suitable provision for her daughter.”

Mrs. Lovett was closeted with her lord when this letter was put into her hands ; and, after slightly glancing at its contents, which she had not patience to read through with attention,

she threw it into the rector's hand, and said, "There, can you see one thousand a-year jointure in that letter, or not?"

The obedient rector, after reading the letter through most methodically, confessed that he was unable to make out any such settlement.

"Then write to Herbert immediately," said the lady, "and tell him to put Eleanor out of his head; was there ever heard such nonsense!"

The poor rector, conscious as he was of all the encouragement which Herbert had received, and of the highly unjustifiable and unfeeling conduct of his wife, was now obliged to implicate himself in the business, by forbidding Herbert to appear again at the Glebe, or have any farther communication with his daughter. This letter was dictated, as were most of his other letters, by Mrs. Lovett, and thus she contrived to make her innocent husband strike

the severest and final blow. Herbert left Ireland the next day, and was never after heard of.

The unhappy Eleanor was not only ordered to accompany her mother to a large party the very day when her long-cherished hopes were blasted, but cautioned by this unnatural parent to appear in her usual high spirits, upon pain of severe displeasure.

Such was Mrs. Lovett, and such her system of ingeniously tormenting. The observations of "Uncle Jem" were therefore well founded ; and it cannot be a matter of surprise that the naturally sanguine temperament of Pierce led him to anticipate, that the intended marriage of Susan and Methold might probably have the same termination as that which has been already described.

At least there was a possibility ; and the warm imagination of the cornet extending the

chances in his favour, as he turned on his pillow in restless irritation, a fictitious dream of happiness stole over his mind, and the consoling vision lulled him to repose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APOLLO SOCIETY.

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.

* * * *

He struts and frets his hour upon the stage.

SHAKESPEARE.

Glorious Apollo ! strike, strike the lyre.

WEBB.

AMONG other societies at Cork, with which the cornet became acquainted during his residence at the barracks, was one, whose name alone was sufficient to render it immortal. This may appear like a pleasant gentleman apprising the company that he is going to tell

them an excellent story, and then concluding with what a popular writer (borrowing from our neighbours, the French) would call a *platitude* ;* but when the reader is informed of what materials this society was composed, and the truly benevolent purposes for which it was instituted, he will probably think, nay, I have no doubt he will say, that its merits have not been overrated. Would that, in the language of Horace,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit ;

but every association (not excepting O'Connell's) will have its decline and fall.

This society, then, was the *posse comitatis* of all the dramatic talent of the Irish Southern Athens ; it was formed for the purpose of increasing the funds of the several charitable

* *Vide* "Sayings and Doings." Third Series.

institutions in the city, by the performance of plays, and was called the Apollo Society. Some of our classical readers will perhaps smile at the name, recollecting that Apollo was the deity who, according to the notion of the ancients, inflicted plagues: and certain it is, that many of the performances of the said society, before it lingered out of life, were rather heavy inflictions on the patience of the Cork public; but it should not be forgotten, that Apollo was also the god of all the fine arts—of music, poetry, and eloquence; and though we have not heard that he ever took the chair at any of their meetings, yet we think that he would have had no reason to have been ashamed of his Coreagian sons, at least in the early period of their history.

The Apollos enacted tragedy, comedy, and tragic-comedy, opera, melo-drame, and pan-

tomime, to say nothing of farce and buffoonery, in which they were singularly effective. Where could the amateur of the drama see a better "Nipperkin" than Toleken? a more nonsensical "Noodle" than Varian? a more unpromising "Shylock" than Besnard? or a more perfect personification of the jovial "Father Luke" than Dan Corbett? In the love department, however, it must be confessed that the credit of the society was not equally maintained; and when we consider the country which gave it birth, and the poet's hitherto undisputed assertion, that

Love is the soul of a nate Irishman,

this deficiency is not easily accounted for. Dennis certainly shewed some genius in the pathetic, and but for his eternal grimalkin phiz, would perhaps have completely satisfied

the ladies of Cork—and that was no small matter. But poor Blotie's was the worst attempt of all; he first came out as king of the blacks in Oroonoko, and gave great promise as the representative of sable royalty; but afterwards, either mistaking his powers, or vain of the versatility of his talents, or, perhaps, anxious to redeem the character of the society, he took upon himself the lover's part. One fatal evening he appeared as "Frank Rochdale" in "John Bull." It is scarcely necessary to apprise the reader that this is a gentlemanlike, sentimental character, and requires no ordinary powers of feeling and passion. Blotie dressed the part well enough. He had no gloves to be sure; but what of that? he mounted a most respectable *chapeau bras* (we won't say where he borrowed it), which he swayed to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, as he addressed the

lovely object of his affections. Towards the conclusion of the play, the lover, as the reader may remember, is supposed to have lost his *dulcinea*, and, uncertain what had become of her, to rush upon the stage, exclaiming in a paroxysm of grief and despair, "Where is my Caroline?" Poor Blotie, it must be confessed, burst upon the audience with abruptness and rapidity enough from one of the side scenes; but when he came to the all-important inquiry of "Where is my Caroline?" he delivered it with the air of a sober, discreet gentleman, who was calling for his hat or umbrella; indeed, as, in the hurry of the moment, he had forgotten that most valuable appendage in the hands of an embarrassed lover, the aforesaid *chapeau bras*, many might have supposed that his cool, careless, interrogatory, had reference to the said *chapeau*, and not to the lovely Caroline: those,

however, who were near enough to hear distinctly what he said (the ladies of Cork in particular) laughed outright; but the impassioned lover having regained his chapeau and his Caroline, pursued his course with untroubled pulse to the end, and made his bow to the audience, to all appearance perfectly satisfied with his own performance.

Of all the members of the society, there was no one who more deeply felt and sincerely deplored the deficiencies in the love-making department than did Ludlow. This son of Apollo was manager, treasurer, wardrobe-keeper, and occasional prompter, to the society; and, filling so many and such responsible situations, thought, naturally enough, that the fair ladies of the Southern Athens would visit him with their high displeasure for neglecting so important a branch of his duties, and for suffering every idle pretender to passion to usurp

that place which should have been allotted to more poetic souls.

The manager, therefore, looked around him, with all the intense anxiety of a man high in office, whose character depended upon the judgment of his selection, for some son of Apollo, whose figure, feelings, and dramatic power, might ensure to the fair spectators a lover fit to

Mount the Trojan walls,
And sigh his soul towards the Grecian tents.

This was no trifling object to accomplish, and the manager thought long and deeply on the subject before he arrived at a satisfactory conclusion. Not one of the candidates portraying the tender passion but was in some particular defective. Finny was too fat—Magra was too thin—Conway wanted voice—Dennis wanted face—Deane, sen. had no action

—Deane, jun. no legs ; in short, the more he considered the more he was perplexed : and as often as the curtain fell upon a sentimental scene, the anxious manager trembled for his reputation.

At length, after the most mature and painful deliberation, he came to the conclusion, that among the numerous and talented members of the Apollo Society, there was no individual so calculated, both by nature and education, to supply the deficiency as himself. This he stated formally to a general meeting of the performers, held in the green room, for the express purpose of considering the subject ; and an opinion coming from one so well qualified to pronounce upon the merits of the individual in question, was, as may be expected, unanimously agreed in.

Indeed, if the case had been left to the decision of a jury of young Cork spinsters, they

could not have come to any other conclusion than that at which the impartial manager and the general meeting had arrived: for it was notorious to every one who pretended to the knowledge of Cork scandal and society, that Ludlow had acted the lover in real life more than once, and that he had acquitted himself, not only to the admiration of the specially favoured lady (for that would be nothing), but also to the perfect satisfaction of all the Cork female world who had witnessed his performance. Now, those who consider that woman is

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

must admit that this was no mean praise. Besides, he had already obtained universal applause in a character which to the chivalrous spirit of the knight-errant adds the soothing accents of the lover—a character, indeed, which may be considered as one of the most gigantic conceptions

of the modern school of tragedy, and in every way calculated to display the highest powers of the actor—Bombastes Furioso !

Ludlow had played the part of Bombastes to the unbounded applause of crowded houses ; in this character he made his *début*, and the *savans* of the great Irish southern Athens will not easily forget the noble, dauntless manner in which he gave that fine passage—

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face.

and then prostrating himself at the feet of his mistress, sunk the matchless heroism of the soldier in the persuasive eloquence of the lover.

Ludlow also played (or, as an ill-natured critic would probably say, puffed) on the German flute, which, as our readers must be aware, is always an infallible proof of the true swain.

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hapless lovers.

The manager's next performance was Buskin, in Hook's celebrated farce of "Killing no Murder," which character, requiring more fun than pathos, did not make any great demand upon the actor's sensibility. Cavalier, however, as Buskin's treatment of his betrothed may be, the successful performance of the manager in that character, gave him encouragement sufficient to make his next appearance in the part of Delaval.

Delaval, our readers may perhaps forget, is the *nouvel marié* in the farce of "Matrimony," who, having married for love, at an early age, found, soon after the honeymoon was over, that the fair Clara and he had some jarring qualities in their dispositions, which, after occasioning many childish quarrels between them, ends, at last, in a serious rupture; they bring their complaints before the minister at Berlin, who, seeming to comply with their wishes for a sepa-

ration, sends them, each without the knowledge of the other, to an old castle in the country. Here they unexpectedly meet, and after mutual abuse and recrimination, become reconciled. The scene in which the reconciliation takes place, is considered the most effective in the piece, and the manager had prepared himself for a perfect delineation of the opposing passions of love and hatred. In the display of the latter feeling he was indifferently successful; but when the grand climax of affection arrived, when the increasing tenderness of the two parties leads them passionately to pronounce each other's name—"Clara!"—"Frederick!"—"My dear Clara!" and the enamoured Delaval ought to have clasped, with vivid impulse, his lady to his arms, according to all authorities, ancient and modern,

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est,

the frigid manager coolly contemplated the lady's charms, at a respectful distance; and after methodically uttering the prescribed sentence, "My dear Clara," stood bolt upright, looking occasionally, and somewhat impatiently, towards that side of the scenes from which he expected to be relieved by the entrance of a third person.

Never were the young ladies of the southern Athens more grievously disappointed. Sympathy was on the stretch, expectation was on tiptoe, the words of love and the kiss of forgiveness were looked for with all the intense anxiety of real life, but the manager, treasurer, and wardrobe-keeper were still.

He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,

but quietly awaited the entrance which enabled him to exit.

Many were the reasons assigned by the young

ladies of Cork for the manager's most unexpected conduct on this interesting occasion. Some said that Ludlow was too much a matter-of-fact man to act a passion, and so serious a one, which he did not feel; others, that in making the attempt, his sensibilities were paralyzed by the gaze of a very numerous and very criticising audience; others, again, blamed the lady who acted the part of Clara, and said that it was almost impossible for any man to have been even moderately excited by her performance, though he had taxed his imagination to the uttermost. However this may be, the manager's performance was certainly a complete failure—a perfect *fiacco* (as the Italians say); and so strongly did he himself feel the inadequacy of his exertions on this occasion, that he never afterwards, we believe, ventured on the lover's part.

As our cornet had always a turn for theatricals, he never failed to be present at the performances of the Sons of Apollo, nay, he rarely ever missed a rehearsal ; until at length, from being a mere spectator, a pupil in the dramatic art, he flattered himself that he had amassed sufficient knowledge to set up for a critic. Accordingly, he soon began to deal about his opinions on the stage with all the decision of a man who had deeply considered the subject. Nothing daunted him, tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, were in turns the objects of his intrepid criticism ; and when he put one leg over the other, and placed his hand upon the organ of *causality* (as a pupil of Messrs. Gall and Co. would say), preparatory to the propounding of his sentiments, the reader might fancy it was

A second Aristotle come to judgment.

It is well known that the easiest and shortest road to preferment, for a man who has no ability of his own to build his fortunes upon, is to toad some great man ; and it may with equal truth be added, that if you wish to pass off in the world for a deep thinker, and accomplished literary character, by far the readiest mode of attaining the object of your ambition, is to hover about a man of great original powers of mind, strengthened by reading and reflection, to treasure up his opinions in the very words (if possible) in which he has expressed them, and then give them forth upon the first opportunity, with all the arrogant self-sufficiency of a man who had worked out his own conclusions, and was determined to uphold them : if the individual from whom you took your opinions be present, so much the better, your statement will probably anticipate all he has, or cares to say in society upon the subject, and you will be considered by

all who hear you, as the original thinker ; while he in whose borrowed plumes you are decked, will be passed by unnoticed. Those who are not so impressed, will probably be awed by the decision of your manner, and not venture to enter the lists with such a formidable competitor ; and, if in defiance of your bravado, some rash youth, just emancipated from college, should venture to attack your position, and perplex you with argument, you will always have the power of retiring upon your valuable, but inobtrusive walking cyclopædia, who will, of course, be prepared and disposed to sustain his own opinions, when referred to, although he would not be at the pain of entering as a volunteer into the discussion.

And, after all, (say what you will) if your ambition be to produce an effect upon society, there is nothing like decision. A good deal can be said on both sides of most questions ; and,

though probably upon points of the first importance, there may not be great difficulty in arriving at a sound conclusion, yet the ordinary subjects of conversation are not of this description, and even if they were, who would listen to the proser while he was weighing the *pros* and *cons*, preparatory to his announcement of a qualified, dispassionate opinion? No, be decided, gentle reader—be decided; assert with confidence, no matter what the subject, and take the chance, in a mixed society, of no person knowing more of the matter than yourself.

The object to be gained is well worth some risk; if you are right, your decision does you no harm; and if you are wrong, the chances are that there will be no one present able to correct you, and even if there were, courtesy would forbid the act: a drawing-room is not the place for discussion, at least no man of the

world would be at the trouble of entering into an argument with you there : so that in either case you produce the effect, you give the *coup de théâtre*, which is every thing, particularly with that sex, which the bard of Mantua (in a bilious fit, no doubt) calls

Varium et mutabile semper.

We will not pretend to decide whether our cornet had found out this secret, and acted systematically upon it in society, or whether he actually deceived himself into the idea that he was a powerful dramatic critic—certain it is, that the intrepidity which he displayed in discussion, obtained for him the most marked distinction amongst the Sons of Apollo. “Surely,” they said, “the man who can talk so well must make an admirable actor, if he would take the trouble ;” and forthwith a petition came from

the society, that our cornet should select some part to make his *début* in, on the next night of performance. For a long time he resisted their entreaties, on the principle, Uncle James would have said, of a woman, who, we are told by the immortal bard of Avon—

Scorns sometimes what best contents her.

The fear of failure no doubt alarmed our hero, who had declaimed so long and so vehemently upon every thing connected with the drama, and had animadverted so severely, and so profusely upon the faults of others. At length, however, as if wearied out by the delightful importunities of his dear admiring friends, he consented to appear before a Cork audience, in the part of Apollo, in *Midas*.

Every one knows that *Midas* is a very favourite opera of the English school, and some of our best singers have thought no mean praise

to have acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the public, in the part which our cornet had selected for his *début*. But it was, perhaps, for this very reason that Pierce had made choice of it; for however he might have doubted of his other powers, he had abundant confidence in his vocal talents. Many of our readers will probably conclude from this, that he had expended much time and money to acquire a knowledge of music, practical and theoretical, and had given days and nights (like the Misses of the present day), to going up and down the scale, running divisions, cadenzas, was a regular attendant at the opera, and all musical meetings, &c.; but they are mistaken: on the contrary, he had never laid out a solitary guinea in pursuit of the science—never went but to one opera, which bored him to death. Besides, he had the most sovereign contempt for all masters of song; and as to the *sol fa*, he thought

it was a stupid humbug to extract money from the pocket of honest John Bull, for the benefit of the many needy adventurers who crowd our shores from Italy. "No," Pierce would often say, "it is a gross perversion of taste to flourish the life and soul out of a song," (for that was the Italian school, according to his definition); "Nature has given me a strong, commanding voice, which

Needs not the *foreign* aid of ornament,

and, please the fates, I'll make use of it." And so he did—for to do him justice, the full force of his lungs was called into action whenever he favoured the mess, or any other society, with a song; indeed an apartment of moderate dimensions was ill suited to his powerful organ, and to the tremendous vigour of his style. The *sotto voce* seemed utterly proscribed from his school,—he scorned the gentler sounds, as a

miserable, unmanly misapplication of the great powers which nature had given him ; he would, in the spirit of his profession, take people's hearts by storm, or not at all—and every body who heard him would suppose that *forte più forte fortissimo*, composed the entire of his singing vocabulary. True to his system, he had been practising his lungs every morning before breakfast, by hallooing across the barrack-yard, for an hour, the songs which he was to sing in Midas, to the no small annoyance of the officers of his regiment, who begged that he would desist from his uproarious rehearsals. But Pierce was not to be turned aside from his purpose, by what he considered the bad taste of his brothers in arms ; until at length, after repeated remonstrances, which produced no effect, they were obliged to establish an opposing force, of drums, tromboons, and trumpets, under our hero's window, which soon

brought him to his senses, and stopped his vocal gymnastics. The important evening now arrived which was to introduce Pierce to a Cork audience; and the theatre was crowded to excess; in every part, to witness his performance. It is scarcely necessary to remind those of our readers who have seen Midas, that Apollo is supposed, in the commencement of the piece, to be banished from heaven, by Jupiter, the king of the gods. In general, in the representation, his progress through the air from the higher regions to the earth, is not seen by the audience; but on this occasion, Ludlow, grand director manager, &c. anxious that nothing should be left undone on his part to insure the success of our hero's first appearance, had ordered some ingenious machinery to be constructed, which was to waft him through the clouds. By one of those accidents which seem almost unavoid-

able in amateur theatrical establishments, poor Pierce was swung too rudely, alas! forward, and the rope by which he was suspended giving way, he found his first resting-place in the centre of the only double-bass in the orchestra, to the terror of the audience, and the utter dismay of the performer on that vast instrument, who was at that moment engaged heart and soul in a passage of difficult execution, and who little dreamed of so sudden an introduction to the patron saint of the society. The sympathy of the spectators, particularly the ladies, was excessive; everybody thought our hero must have been killed, and after the first scream of horror, a short silence, still more appalling, succeeded, none daring to ask the fearful question whether he was dead or alive. At length a discordant twang, caused by the abortive efforts of poor Apollo to disengage himself

from the coffin to which the defective machinery had consigned him, shewed that life was not yet extinct.

The orchestra was now in great commotion, and even the lord of the double base, seemed to forget the utter demolition of his instrument in the general anxiety which was exhibited to ascertain the fate of our unfortunate hero. Every one was prodigal in their offers of service: some called loudly for a surgeon, others for cold water; the ladies contributed with delightful emulation their tears and their *sal volatile*; in short, such a moment of intense interest was not remembered in the city of Cork since the French landed in Bantry Bay. A professional gentleman, who happened to be present, descended into the orchestra, and after examining poor Pierce's body politic, reported that his left shoulder was dislocated, and his

collar-bone broken. This announcement was felt as a relief by most of the audience, who anticipated the worst; and as the "Bath Guide" has it, "were counting the moments how long he may last." Our hero had now recovered the use of his speech, and thanked those about him in his best manner for their kindness; indeed, he even proposed ascending the stage, and continuing the performance in the state in which he was, rather than disappoint the generous, sympathising public; and it was not until the professional gentleman above-mentioned repeatedly warned him of the fatal consequences which would in all probability result from such a Quixotic act of politeness, that he consented to retire. A sedan-chair being in waiting at the stage door, Pierce was assisted into it by some of the persons present, and placed on the lap of the professional gentle-

man above-mentioned, who kindly undertook the charge of him to the barracks. But unfortunately the night was dark, the mud very thick, the pavement was abominable, the road to the barrack was up hill, and the chairmen (though two of the stoutest in Cork) were drunk—very drunk! The consequence may be anticipated; the movement was uneven and uneasy, the halting frequent; and in entering the barrack-yard, crash went the chair against the gate, and pop went our hero's right shoulder out of the window. Thus, as Paddy says, "single misfortunes never come alone." Pierce's left shoulder was already dislocated, and now his right was disabled. To damn the chairmen, burst open the door, and rush to his apartment, was the work of a moment with our hero. Thither the aforesaid professional gentleman followed him; and after extracting half a pane of glass

from his right shoulder, and binding up his left and his collar-bone, departed, leaving him on downy couch succumbent, in a state more to be imagined than described.

CHAPTER V.

A SUNDAY DINNER.

Alike to him the saint or sinner,
The true Amphitryon gives the dinner.

May Fair.

THE cornet's shoulders and collar-bone had not been many days effective, when a demand upon their exertions was made in the form of an order from head-quarters, summoning the Cork detachment to join immediately at Cahir. A private communication from Breakpeace, which reached him the same day, further stated

that the regiment were to march in a few days for Dublin, and there to embark for Liverpool, on the arrival of the Scotch Greys, which were coming to relieve them.

Pierce had long looked forward to this expedition, and although leaving behind him many near and dear friends and relations, the fancied charms of a country and people to him unknown, drove, for the time, all other considerations from his mind.

We will pass over the detail of the cornet's return to head-quarters, his consequent monotonous progress through the same towns which formed the halting places on his march to Cahir, and bring him again to the reader's notice in the capital.

Soon after the cornet's arrival in Dublin, he waited on his father's correspondent, being in want of the needful, in his counting-house;

situated at the corner of a dark alley off Strand-street. Pierce found old Sumtott with

Spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank.

Before him lay a heap of letters, all in the same strain, and beautiful specimens of epistolary composition, as *per* example. "Beef this day fully supported last Monday's prices. Pigs looking up; butter looking down; tan leather steady; sugar a shade lower than was last advised; indigo dull. All for your government, your affectionate friends, Sumtott and Co." The old boy was very civil, asked the cornet after his father, whom he said he had known for more than forty years, and after violent efforts to make out a likeness between Pierce and the governor, while the cornet stood before him, as his features were examined in detail, the old boy invited him to dinner.

“Let me see,” said Sumtott; “this is Saturday—you shall come to us to-morrow, and, if you like, I can take down your bag in my carriage to-day; but mind, send it to the ‘Old Hat and Feather revived,’ by three o’clock. We are only four miles from town, on the Blackrock road; don’t be later than five, and the sooner you come the better.”

Pierce accepted this invitation with many thanks, and notwithstanding the vandalism of the hour, on his return home dispatched the bag to the “Hat and Feather,” according to order.

On Sunday morning the Cornet attended church-parade as usual, and the afternoon proving fine, started about half-past two to fulfil his engagement in the country; but he had not proceeded far from the lamps, when sulky, dark clouds covered the horizon, and, before long, the rain descended in torrents. Pierce had not calculated upon this change in

the weather ; he was without great coat or umbrella, and would willingly have turned back ; but as he had sent down his bag, he did not like to disappoint the old gentleman, who would probably wait dinner for him ; he therefore continued his course, *malgré* mud and dirt. The cornet thought that he had received very clear directions as to the road ; but on arriving at a sharp turning to the right, where he expected to come in sight of the house, Pierce found himself completely “ at fault.” No house was there to be seen ; he looked, in hopes that some passing traveller might direct him, but not a soul was visible ; the elements seemed to conspire against him ; so, having nothing else for it, he floundered on, hoping that, by perseverance, he might make the discovery himself. He crossed a small bridge, which conducted him to a wide and apparently boundless common, while the unmerciful rain fell thick and

fast upon him : nothing daunted, he proceeded forward, until at length losing all traces of habitations, he thought it better to counter-march upon that unlucky turn to the left, where his misfortunes began ; just as he got there, he met a stray jingle driver,

Painfully wandering over the rugged road,
With a hole in his hat, and another in his breeches.

“ Hollo, Pat,” cried the cornet. The driver, imagining that he was likely to get a fare, instantly pulled up, and, descending from his box, was going to open the jingle door, before the cornet could ask the question, “ Where does Mr. Sumtott live, my man ?”

“ What’s that, Sir ?” replied Pat.

“ Where does Mr. Sumtott live ?” roared the cornet.

“ Mr. Sumkak ! how do I know ? Mr. Sumkak ! how the devil do I know where Mr.

Sumkak lives? To the divil I pitch you and Mr. Sumkak—bringing me down here in the gulthur from my bax, and it pouring rain, for nothen at all.”

The angry jingle driver slapped the door, and, as he drove off, vented his disappointment in sundry imprecations, among which Pierce could hear the words—“Misther Sumkak—the divil—purty jontlemon—bringing me down in the gulthur,” &c.

The cornet being now in despair, had almost made up his mind to return to the barracks, when he espied a servant in livery coming towards him from a gate, which up to that moment he had entirely overlooked. Pierce resolved, as a last effort, to accost this man, though without much hope of success, and asked, “Pray does Mr. Sumtott live any where near this?”

“Why, then, you may say that,” replied

the liveried lackey ; “ and sure, I’m Con Lyne, the butler, and I’ll show your honour the way, captain.”

The cornet gladly availed himself of Con’s proffered services, and followed him to the ouse of his father’s correspondent.

On his arrival there he was shown up, at his own request, to the room where he was to sleep. “ I’ll tell my masther that your cum,” said Con.

“ Do, my boy,” said Pierce, “ and ask for a bag which he brought down from town yesterday for me.”

Con disappeared, and after keeping the cornet some time shivering in his wet clothes, returned.

“ I thought,” said Con, “ that no bag had cummed down, but I have been since axing the coachman, and he says the same.”

“ That’s very extraordinary,” said Pierce,

“ but I suppose there is some mistake.” At this moment old Sumtott entered.

“ Oh, my dear young friend, how good it is of you to come down to us on such a day ; to say truth, I scarcely expected you.”

“ Why, did you not get my bag ?”

“ No, it never came ; however, we can provide you, I dare say, with whatever you want.”

Saying this, old Sumtott led the way into a small dressing-room, and opening a press, in which his wardrobe lay, “ There,” said he, “ take what you please.”

Now the possessor of this wardrobe was, at a moderate computation, six feet high, swelling out into enormous circumference in the middle regions, which were scarcely supported by long and slender skeletons of calfless legs—whereas the cornet was a dapper little fellow of five feet eight, whose figure would not have disgraced

an Almack's quadrille ; but *n'importe* ; Cornet Butler must change his dress, as he was wet to the skin ; so, after much difficulty in selection, he descended to the drawing-room in an old single-breasted snuff-coloured coat, with steel buttons, a long black velvet waistcoat with deep pockets, chevroned in front, which descended half way to his knees, so loose, that the air entering at the bottom, as Pierce crossed the hall, filled it out to the full dimensions of its master's body corporate ; while his nether garments, of clouded grey kerseymere, embraced the middle of his calf with the buttons which were intended for the knee, thus destroying the symmetry of limbs, on which the cornet rather prided himself. His person caricatured in this manner, Pierce presented himself with a flourish of manner before Mrs. Sumtott, who, although naturally a grave personage, could scarcely suppress a smile at this exhibition of

her lord's wardrobe, which formed a laughable contrast to the cornet's elaborate air.

After the first greetings were over, Mrs. Sumtott became eloquent with surprises and regrets. "Indeed, Mr. Sum had never said one word about Mr. Butler coming; and, if he had, they could scarcely hope to see him on such a wet day—and this she regretted the more, as she had no bed to offer, for the furniture had been taken down the week before from the only spare bed-room they had; but she had sent to engage a bed at the inn in the neighbouring village. She was so sorry," &c. &c. Our cornet was sorry enough too; but there was no help for it: so he begged Mrs. Sumtott not to say a word about the matter; and, after discussing the weather, agriculture, and several other important topics, the welcome face of his friend Con appeared at the door to announce dinner. The cornet then gave his

arm to the lady of the mansion, and proceeded to the dining-room. There, during the progressive destruction of soup and fish, old Sumtott was reproached more than once by his fair rib, for not having apprised her of the visit of Mr. Butler: and the politeness of the said Mr. Butler was again called upon to deprecate any further discussion of the subject; but it would perhaps have been better for the cornet had he not interposed with this politeness, for old Sumtott and his spouse, deprived of this subject of conversation, seemed incapable of starting or following any other, and the remainder of the time at dinner was employed by our hero in endeavouring to masticate some very tough mutton in solemn silence. After the cloth was removed, a noise was heard in the hall, which presently approached the door of the dining-room; and before our hero could well settle in his mind what it could be al-

about, four children charged into the room in fine style, headed by a young gentleman, to whom Pierce was afterwards introduced as "Master Tom." This "Master Tom" was what Con Lyne called a "tatterin' tarin boy," who never rested for a moment. He was always engaged in some mischief; and, being under no controul, was suffered to exercise his monkey tricks with impunity. Unfortunately for the cornet, he took up a position close to him, and soon made violent love to his chain and seals, which were thrown rather ostentatiously over the black velvet waistcoat before described, probably with a view to give a modern air to old Sumtott's habiliments; though perhaps, after all, Tom was not so much to blame as our hero, who made the first advance in his anxiety, like a true pupil of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, to discover the boy's organs. This was a new hobby of Pierce's,

which he had mounted at his last quarters, and which we take blame to ourselves for not having mentioned before. A brother officer, who had just returned from London, detailed to the mess the substance of some lectures on phrenology, which he had attended there, and the cornet, to save much unavailing time and thinking, at once adopted the whole system.

“Do you know,” said Pierce, to Mrs. Sumtott, “that the organ of destructiveness is very largely developed in your son Tom’s head?”

“Oh, I see you are a phrenologist, Mr. Butler. Pray, tell us the characters of the children;—but I don’t like that organ of destructiveness—I suppose he will turn out a cruel little wretch.”

“Excuse me, Mrs. Sumtott, there never yet existed any great character who had not that organ large. On referring to Dr. Coombe’s book, you will find that destructiveness does

not mean cruelty, but power, energy—that sort of thing, you know; and then I find the organ of conscientiousness large: therefore you may be quite at ease on the subject.”

“Ay, there you are right, Mr. Butler; there never was a more conscientious child than Tom, he inherits it from his father. You never could get Tom to say he wasn’t hungry when he really was, although there might be nothing better than bread and milk before him. Now look at John’s head, Mr. Butler—what do you think of him?”

“Oh! John, Mrs. Sumtott! John! why really John appears to have a very equable organization.”

“What, is there nothing, Mr. Butler—nothing, nothing particular?”

“Yes, yes; by the way, I find the organ of concatenation very large.”

“Of what ! concatenation ! pray, what does that mean ?”

“Oh ! concatenation, madam, is the power of condensing individual ideas into a combined mass of conglomerated matter, or that of preserving the equilibrium in high situations. Phrenologists are not exactly agreed of which of these powers the organ is indicative.”

“Indeed, how very strange ! But, certainly, my John climbs up the apple trees without his head ever going round : however, as to condensation, that I cannot answer for.”

“No, nor can any one but a phrenologist, at this early age ; and this shows the necessity of having all children’s organs examined, with a view to their education. It is astonishing, Madam, what time, labour, and expense, is wasted in adopting and blindly following the same system for all : for instance, I was nailed to the counter instead of being sent to the

military college, as any smatterer in phrenology, had he been consulted, would have told my father ; and with this view, the study of so important a science should form the paramount duty of every head of a family."

This Pierce delivered, *ore retundo*, as if with the premeditated design of producing an effect upon the nerves of Mrs. Sumtott. The cornet then proceeded to examine the heads of the young ladies.

" Ah ! do tell me all about little Emily, Mr. Butler."

" She has quite a beautiful head, so well proportioned ; no obtrusive organ."

" What, nothing particular ! I am sure Emily has something behind."

" Very true. Philoprogenitiveness is rather full ; and a neighbouring organ, which it is unnecessary to dwell on, is not deficient."

" Oh, do tell me what that organ is,

Mr. Butler! I am so anxious about dear Emily."

"That organ, that organ is—is—that organ."

Old Sumtott, who had been absent about some domestic arrangements since the commencement of the phrenological investigation, now entered the room, and, catching at the words of the last speaker, said, "Organ, organ, we are bored to death with organs, Mr. Butler; not a day of my life but I am saluted with half-a-dozen of them grinding under my counting-house in town. I wish to God there was an act of parliament to prevent the fellows grinding."

"Pardon me, Mr. Sumtott, we were speaking of phrenology."

"Phrenology, trash! stark-staring nonsense! People's brains are turned with phrenology;—our hearts are now proved to be in our

heads;—really, any nonsense will go down with puffing and advertizing.”

“ I presume, Sir, you have read the works of Gall and Spurzheim ?”

“ I have read no such stuff, Sir ; and, what’s more, I have no intention of reading them.”

“ Then, Sir, you have probably perused the ‘ Outlines,’—Mr. Coombe’s work ?”

“ No, Sir,” roared Sumtott, “ I know nothing of either organs or outlines !”

“ Then, Sir,” replied Pierce, with a sneer of confident superiority, “ you are, no doubt, eminently competent to pass sentence upon the science.”

“ Young man, young man, I am competent to detect humbug, in whatever shape it may be put forth ; it is not necessary to read books for that purpose—common sense, and a knowledge of the world, are alone sufficient.”

Pierce now made an exertion to change the

subject; and whether his good-nature at that moment told him he had gone too far, or whether his organs of eating and drinking silyly suggested to him that he might lose sundry good dinners if he incensed the old gentleman, we know not; certain it is, that though he felt confident in his ability to defeat any arguments that might be adduced against his favourite science, yet as he was great, so was he merciful; and, turning to Mrs. Sumtott, abruptly asked her, "Whether she liked music?"

"Passionately," was the lady's reply.

Pierce was on the point of telling her that her organ of tune was strongly developed, when he wisely checked himself, and asked her whether she sung "Cherry Ripe."

Mrs. Sumtott replied, "That 'Cherry Ripe' was a great favourite; but she liked 'Buy a Broom' much better."

The unmusical cornet was dreading a discus-

sion on the comparative merits of these two airs, neither of which he knew from 'God save the King,' when, fortunately, Mrs. Sumtott rose and left the dining-room. A long silence succeeded the departure of the fair lady; all Old Sumtott's powers of oratory appeared to have been exhausted in his last violent philippic against phrenology; after sundry feeble efforts to support conversation, and as many far distant circulations of the bottle, the old boy nodded himself into a doze, and left Pierce to the undisturbed enjoyment of his own thoughts. But the cornet was a person of varied resource; he was never less alone than when alone; and, in the absence of the children, upon whose heads he would willingly have continued his phrenological observations, he gradually disposed of the remainder of the bottle of claret, and devoured all the fruit on the table.

Having thus relieved the dishes and

decanter, and seeing little prospect of deriving any further advantage from the cellar of old Sumtott, who continued in a sound sleep, the cornet thought it best to seek amusement in the drawing-room; so, directing Con Lyne's attention to his sleeping master, he adjourned to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONTRETEMES.

Non amo te.

MARTIAL.

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.

“WILL you take tea or coffee, Mr. Butler?”
said Mrs. Sumtott to our hero, as he entered
the room.

“A little coffee, if you please,” replied the
cornet; then stepping up to a heavy-framed
picture, representing a young man in the cos-
tume of half a century past, exclaimed, “What

a prig of a fellow this is, Mrs. Sumtott. Who can it be? He looks like a Chelsea pensioner of the time of Queen Ann."

"That prig, as you call him, Mr. Butler, is my dear Sum," said the lady, with some little bitterness, "taken by O'Houlahan, one of the best painters in Dublin, at the time we were married."

"O who did you say?"

"O'Houlahan."

"I never heard of that artist."

"Oh, yes, I assure you O'Houlahan studied at Rome, under Michael Angelo."

"Michael Angelo Taylor, I suppose you mean."

"Tailor! I assure you, Sir, he was no tailor; he was an artist, and one of the very first water."

"Indeed! then he can't be my man, for he would be more competent to give lessons in eat-

ing, than lessons in painting. Well, now that I look at it again, it certainly is a very fine picture, and wonderfully like," added the cornet, wishing to restore the fair lady's good humour, which was always disturbed by any reflection on the age or appearance of her husband.

The fact was, Mrs. Sumtott was full thirty years younger than her lord, to whom she was adjoined in rather a commercial than a romantic manner; but although she had married him for an establishment, yet was she anxious to make the world believe, that other and far more tender motives had prompted her thus to dispose of her charms.

The cornet was now about to exercise his critical talent upon another picture, when the door was suddenly opened, and Con Lyne, advancing a few steps into the room, cried out, at the full extent of his voice, "Whispur, ma'am."

"What do you want, Con?" said Mrs. Sumtott.

"I din no if I'll out the quality candles in the dining-room, ma'am, for my masther is shaor-ing ashleep."

"Asleep!—certainly; and tell your master his tea is waiting for him."

Con vanished, and in a few minutes old Sumtott, obedient to his lady's summons, entered the room.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Sum, I have often scolded you for going to sleep after dinner: I knew how it would be when your friends came down to see us."

"My dear Mrs. Sum, I assure you that I was not asleep; I was only resting my eyes."

"How can you say so, my dear? Here is Mr. Butler has had his coffee half an hour ago."

The cornet here interposed, and begged that no more should be said on the subject.

The old gentleman swallowed his cold tea in silent resignation, and in due course Con Lyne removed the tea things.

"Won't you give us some music?" inquired old Sum, when he found his eyelids again closing.

"Oh, certainly, my dear, if Mr. Butler would play an accompaniment. You are a flute-player, I presume," added the lady, addressing herself to the cornet, "and Mr. Sum's is a very sweet old instrument; will you try it? it lays in the corner yonder."

"With much pleasure," said the cornet, who had received just six lessons from the master of the band, and was therefore considered, in his regiment, an accomplished musician. The lady accordingly proceeded to the piano-forte, while Pierce tried the flute; and without going through the unmeaning ceremony of tuning, dashed at the

first of the Freischütz quadrilles. The quadrille was in five sharps, a key which was a *terra incognita* to our hero; but, *n'importe*: it was too late to recede, and, thought he, I am only playing an accompaniment. Now the cornet was a violent performer: the first puff, a large spider was shot out from the instrument, which had lain neglected in an unfrequented store-room of Mrs. Sumtott's for nearly a year. In the course of the performance, Pierce managed to omit, as if by particular desire, three out of the five sharps; he uniformly accompanied D sharp with D natural, and thus formed a most excruciating discord; and as to A and G sharp, they were altogether forgotten; in short, he played the whole quadrille in the key of D, called, *par excellence*, "the Lord Mayor's Key."

This was bad enough; however, Mrs. Sumtott made no observation: but at length the discords became so violent, that her ears and

politeness were no longer proof against them, and turning round to the cornet, she said, "I think we had better tune, Mr. Butler."

The cornet acquiesced, and now, for the first time, discovered that the last joint of the flute had fallen upon the sofa, near which he stood. This untoward event, indeed, had occurred shortly after the cornet commenced his tempestuous operations on the instrument, as if in compassion to the unfortunate spider, who had been so rudely expelled from a tenement, the undisputed possession of which he had so long enjoyed.

The cornet now thought it necessary to say something in support of his credit as a musician.

"Well, I fancied it sounded odd; but the flute is so very dry, that I am not surprised at the joint falling off."

The cornet might have added, "and so

cracked," also, for there were fissures in it from top to bottom.

However, the cornet now thought that he could not be too accurate in tuning—so, after replacing the fallen joint, he made another effort at harmony ; but, in his most energetic effort to blow out A in *altissimo* (for he was not satisfied with tuning upon tenor A alone), the ill-fated joint again fell, with a piercing noise,

Affrighting echo with its hideous sound.

Sumtott, who up to this moment had been snoring a bass *à la musette*, 'gan ope the fringed curtain of his eyes, and, looking round him, seemed to ask, 'what's the matter ?' Pierce apologized to the old gentleman for the rude shock which he had given his nerves, and asked Mrs. S. what was the composer's name.

" Rossini," was the answer.

“ Rose Seany—Rose Seany—delightful composer !” and, anxious to turn the attention from the instrument to the music—“ Yes, you know he wrote ‘ Buy a Broom,’ and that other pretty little bravura—what do you call it? ‘ Don’t mention her.’ What a sweet thing, is it not, Mr. Butler ?”

“ Beautiful, charming,” echoed the cornet, his face oozing with sentiment, and his whole frame panting and perspiring after his late violent efforts. In utter despair of making the flute

Discourse eloquent music,

our hero was now upon the point of asking for his dear “ Cherry ripe,” when certain telegraphic communications from old Sum to his lady, told him that it was time to depart. Pierce took the hint, and, making his bow, was going to take a chamber candle to retire, when Mrs.

Sumtott reminded him that she had no bed to offer, but that she would send some one to show him the way to the hotel, where he would be very comfortably accommodated.

“No bed, my dear,” said old Sum, who now for the first time heard that the son of his old friend was to be sent from beneath his roof at that time of the night.

“It’s very unfortunate indeed, my love,” said Mrs. S., “but you know you never told me that Mr. Butler was coming.”

“Sure you can put him in the small room at the end of the gallery next to the nursery!”

“Sure, my dear, Norry and the cook sleep there.”

“Well, there’s the room over the drawing-room,” rejoined old S.

“The bed has been taken down,” responded Mrs. S., with some peevishness; “but la! Mr. Sum., there are rooms enough for that matter,

if we had any idea that Mr. Butler was coming."

The old boy was now beginning a series of apologies and regrets, to the great and manifest discomposure of his rib, who thought that the subject had been pretty well exhausted, when the cornet begged they would not distress themselves; a soldier should not mind such trifles, and he had no doubt he should be very well accommodated at the inn. The bell was now rung, and Con Lyne appeared, who was ordered to show our hero the way to Bosten Town, where he was to sleep.

"And mind, Con," said his master, "let Mr. Butler have what linen he wants out of my dressing room."

"Perhaps you will accommodate me with a razor," said the cornet, apologizing to the lady in his best manner, for talking of such things in her presence.

“ Oh, certainly—any thing you require ; but stop—really I fear I have not one to offer you ; I believe, my dear, you sent them all to be ground yesterday.”

This was too much for the cornet's risible faculties, who now laughed outright at these accumulated misfortunes. The lady joined in the laugh, but old S. thought it was no laughing matter, and began once more to apologize and regret ; while Mrs. S., wishing to put an end to the scene, exclaimed, in a loud voice,

“ Well, it can't be helped now ; it can't be helped now—Mr. S. will send the barber to you to-morrow morning, Mr. Butler : good night—good night ;” and our hero, reciprocating the lady's kind wishes, took his departure.

CHAPTER VII.

EMBARKATION FOR ENGLAND.

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
Or rather stomach, which, alas ! attends
Beyond the best apothecary's art
The loss of love, the treachery of friends.
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

BYRON.

And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

POPE.

THE cornet had gone to bed for the last three nights, with the fervent wish that every succeeding morning would bring a westerly wind and an order to embark, and each time was he grievously disappointed. The constant state of

preparation in which this uncertainty kept him, prevented him from enjoying the many amusements which Dublin afforded, with that freedom from care which he would otherwise have possessed. The mess was broken up; the baggage was on board the transports; those officers who had no friends with whom they could procure free quarters, were scattered through the town among the various hotels and lodging-houses; and, from the colonel to the cornet, a sort of unsettled feeling was strongly evinced.

Pierce, who had never yet crossed the Irish channel, largely partook of the general disquietude, and although he had been accommodated with a bed at old Sumtott's town residence, in Merrion-square North, and experienced all the advantages of gratuitous board and lodging, together with the benefits of society and temperance, he yet felt a sort of feverish

anxiety about the embarkation, which prevented his mind from being composed.

At length came an auspicious south-wester; and when the accompanying rain saluted the cornet's window, he jumped out of bed with a degree of elasticity which had been for some days unknown to him. Carbine soon came, to confirm the intelligence that a change of wind had taken place, and the enthusiastic cornet, without stopping either to shave or breakfast, hurried on his uniform, and proceeded to the barracks; here an inward sensation of emptiness told him that he had been rather precipitate, for the troops had not yet paraded, and full time would have been allowed for an attack on Mr. Sumtott's cupboard before his departure from Merrion-square; unfortunately, also, this omission could not now be remedied, for it was too late to return to his friends, and the barrack afforded no means of solacing his complaining

stomach. Pierce therefore paced the yard, in the two-fold misery of being too soon for parade, and too late for breakfast. "However," thought he, "we are going to embark at last, and that is worth sacrificing a breakfast to; besides, old Sumtott has provided me with a good sea-store, and I shall enjoy it with greater *goût* in the sea air, after this starvation.

This reverie was interrupted by the trumpet, and soon the grey was mounted, the G. Troop inspected, and the whole regiment in march along Ormond Quay; the band (all sober) playing "Patrick's Day in the Morning." The sun shone out gloriously after the shower, and the bright helmets, as they reflected its rays, gave a brilliancy to the scene, which elevated the spirits of the cornet, in a manner which, considering the want of breakfast, he could not well account for; the music soon attracted the early risers; shop windows and doors flew open along

the line, and a succession of heads, at various intervals and elevations, denoted the interest taken in the regiment by the inhabitants on the Quay. "Good by!" "God bless you!" "a safe journey to ye!" were re-echoed by old friends and acquaintances to their parting associates; shaking of hands and nodding of heads expressed the feelings of the less eloquent well-wishers; an occasional shout from a more distant observer, signified his interest in the soldiers' prosperity: and throughout the motley crowd which had now collected to attend them, a manifestation of good will and kindly feeling evinced that the "black horse" were a favourite corps with their countrymen of the capital.

Arrangements having been previously made with regard to the allotment of the regiment on board the transports, the several divisions were ordered to form opposite to their respective vessels, and preparations for slinging were

immediately commenced ; two transports were generally found to accommodate the horses and men of one troop, and each transport was given in charge to an officer ; to the cornet was allotted a small sloop, called the Emerald, and after marching his division of the G. Troop from one end of the line to the other, in search of the vessel, he found, to his mortification, that she was moored at the very point from whence he had commenced his search. This oversight caused some delay ; and the quartermaster general, who had come to inspect the embarkation, gave him rather a sharp hint on the subject of delay. Pierce, always alive to any reflection upon his zeal, resolved not to be outdone by his brother commanders, and jumping from his horse, gave the necessary orders for removing the valise and horse appointments ; then, quickly comprehending the mystery of slinging, on which the old soldiers of

his division so much prided themselves, he set the example of exertion, by putting his own hands to the rope, and assisting in the shipping of the first horse.

Unfortunately for the cornet's expedition, he found himself encumbered with all the recruits and young soldiers belonging to the troop, who, from their inexperience in the embarkation of horses, were ill-calculated to forward his views of getting soon under weigh; their number also was insufficient, and he found a sad want of both moral and physical force in his division: a crowd of ragged idlers, which surrounded him, added to his embarrassment, and he every moment expected another visit from the quarter-master general, and another rebuke for his tardy operations.

Kilcock's mare now broke away, and threw them all into confusion; the experienced animal, well-remembering the uncomfortable stable

which a transport afforded, took the opportunity, when her master was about to substitute the hempen collar for the bridle, and suddenly springing from him, dashed through the crowd, and made off at full speed towards the barracks.

Pat swore, the crowd shouted, Pierce was distracted ; but lamentation was of no avail, and two men were immediately despatched to secure and bring back the run-away. The cornet was now left with a diminished number of hands, and those the least effective ; but a lucky thought suggested itself to him, and remembering the many symptoms of favourable feeling towards the corps which he had witnessed during their march along the quay, he appealed to the idle by-standers, and requested their assistance.

The application did not appear to be at first understood, and the cornet, fearing he had not

been sufficiently explicit, repeated his request, accompanied by the promise of "something to drink."

The new termination of his sentence had a magical effect, volunteers pressed forward in abundance, and before Pat and the mare had returned, more than half his horses were embarked, and Pat now stimulated them to fresh exertions; and soon, to the inexpressible delight of Pierce, the envy of his rivals in zeal, and the disappointment of the quarter-master general, the Emerald got first under weigh, and, leaving the other transports to complete their loading, saluted them with three cheers in token of pre-eminence.

"Arrah! shall we throw ye a rope to help yees?" said a wit of the cornet's division, addressing himself to his comrades, who were still labouring to complete the shipment of the troop in the other transport; the Emerald

did not wait for a reply, but stretching into the bay, soon left the hilly coast of Ireland far behind.

The wind kept steadily to the south-west, but the long continuance of an easterly gale had caused a considerable swell in the Channel, and the cornet, as he gazed anxiously forward from the poop, beheld, with no small degree of alarm, the increasing size of the waves, as they rose before him in the distance: the scene was new to our hero, as was the sensation which it created, for although residing not twenty miles from one of the finest harbours in the universe, he had never ventured beyond its limits, and even when a lion-hunting party at Ballybutler did induce him to accompany them down the river, and as far perhaps as the harbour's mouth, or Roche's tower, he never felt particularly happy during the excursion, and

would at any time have preferred riding on horseback double the distance.

In fact, Pierce was "a smooth water sailor," in every sense of the term, and never could understand the fun of being "gunnel-to," or "beating to windward," or any of those occasional diversions from the plain sailing course, which a stiff breeze upon Lough Mahon sometimes rendered necessary; when, therefore, he beheld the agitation of the sea, and felt a corresponding movement within himself, he was by no means disposed to be in good humour with the element.

"Hadn't you better go below, Sir?" said the master of the Emerald, as he observed the cornet to grow pale, and lean over the side of the vessel; "there's a short sea here, that causes her to pitch a little."

"Not a little," thought Pierce, as he took the hint, and descended into the cabin; and

calling Carbine to his assistance, leaped into one of the berths, in all the misery of incipient sea-sickness.

Pat was an old sailor, and recommended his master to lie down ; the cornet, unable to reply, held up his leg, to signify that, previous to complying with Carbine's recommendation, his boots should be taken off; and the comprehensive valet, unstrapping the over-alls, applied his hands to the outstretched boot ; but, just at this critical operation, a heavy sea struck the broadside of the vessel, and caused her to roll in the direction of Carbine, who, faithful to his hold, brought away not only his sick master's boot, but also the accompanying leg and body, which, together with himself and a valise on which the cornet was resting his head, rolled prostrate on the floor ; the noise brought down the master of the vessel, who, with difficulty suppressing his laughter, assisted the steward

in placing the sufferers on their legs, and finally establishing Pierce in his berth. The cornet felt much relieved by this change of position, and the first strain upon his unprovided stomach having terminated, he lay torpidly listening to the confused noises upon deck, and the gurgling of the broken waves, as they met the hollow side of the vessel.

It is in such moments that recollections of the past crowd upon the memory, when the body is exhausted, and the mind droops—when the exciting influence of anticipation is overpowered by the languor of physical debility, and the buoyancy of hope is superseded by the more real visions of dull reality; then does memory,

To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain,

marshal each past event with a too faithful

accuracy, and, dwelling with undivided attention upon what has been, irritate awakened consciousness with painful speculations of what might have been.

It is then that indifference to the present, succeeding an embittered recollection of the past, creates a temporary aberration of mental energy; and friends and foes, the objects of our love and those of our detestation—even self, the strongest tie—become alike devoid of interest;—passions subside, hope withers, and a recklessness of the future reigns predominant.

“Had I,” thought Pierce, “declared my feelings on that evening when I presented her with the ring; had I at once confessed my love, my adoration of her, instead of dreading to inquire into the nature of her sentiments, and fearing the objections of my own family, perhaps this Methold would never——” Here

a roll of the vessel interrupted the train of his thoughts, which, quickly returning to the subject that always most occupied them, continued with no increase of good humour.

“Methold, an infantry ensign! is he to be so blessed?”—a bitter ejaculation against his rival was now about to escape him, when the pervading effect of his situation disarmed his wrath, and, turning on the other side, he muttered inwardly—“I care not; let her love him; it matters not to me; I am indifferent both to their fate and my own; I care not what becomes of me.”

The cornet's olfactory nerves were now saluted in a grateful manner; and drawing back his curtain, to ascertain from whence the reviving smell had proceeded, he perceived the steward entering the cabin with a smoking leg of boiled mutton, embedded in a deep dish of juicy turnips, which, having placed upon the table,

he went to inform the master, or captain, as he was by courtesy called, that dinner was served.

The captain obeyed the welcome summons, and striking a deep gash into the smoking leg, opened the flood-gates of an abundant stream of delicious gravy, which issuing from the recesses of the deep-driven cut, deluged the turnips with its nutritious juices.

The captain, although never deprived of a true seaman's appetite by the want of company, was yet sociable enough to feel pleasure in the society of a chance passenger, and felt disappointed at not seeing the cornet prepared to do his duty by the leg of mutton ; therefore, after allaying the poignancy of his feelings with a substantial wedge of the wholesome joint, he addressed Pierce with an expression of hope, " that the cornet would get up, and take a cut of mutton."

Pierce, whose eyes and nose had been already

considerably excited by the well-garnished leg, replied, that he thought he would venture upon a small bit, but declined getting up, lest his stomach might again become discomposed.

The good-natured captain was delighted to hear so cheering a report from his passenger, and, in the fervency of his zeal to comply with the cornet's wishes, cut off a junk from the knuckle side, of dimensions sufficient to damp the appetite of the most able seaman in his Majesty's service, and adding a corresponding portion of fat, turnips, and gravy, bore the well-stored plate to the side of the cornet's berth, where, drawing back the curtains to the fullest extent, he saluted his passenger with the smoking viands.

But, alas ! quantity had overpowered quality ; and Pierce, who could have eaten with some relish a small piece of broiled mutton, or even a portion of the boiled unaccompanied

with fat, was so completely overpowered by this tremendous dose of lean, fat, gravy, and turnips, that his appetite receded as the plate was presented to him; a loathing ensued, and he turned from the liberal offer of the honest captain in utter disgust. The captain saw he had overdone it, and laying down the plate, proposed a small bit of fried bacon; Pierce called for the steward at the bare mention of such a remedy; and now his sickness returning in all its original force, he begged that they would not again talk to him about eating, and sought relief in silence and his pillow.

Meantime the Emerald scudded before the wind, and passing the Smalls light-house early on the following morning, arrived outside the Bar about nine o'clock; the tide not serving, the captain was obliged to come to anchor, which was a source of great disappointment to the men of Pierce's division, for this delay

enabled the remaining transports to come up before the flowing of the tide, and thus deprived the Emerald of that pre-eminence in sailing which she would otherwise have exhibited in entering the river.

The smooth water, and tidings of land, which Carbine took care to communicate to his master, produced a complete revolution in the cornet's feelings—so much so, that long before the steward had made the toast, and mixed the yolks of half a dozen of eggs, which were intended as a substitute for milk, Pierce was washed, dressed, and upon deck. The morning was delightful, and the mild land breeze from the Cheshire coast had so resuscitating an effect upon our hero's health and spirits, that, when the captain came up to apologize for having allowed the knife to slip when he was cutting the mutton on the preceding day, Pierce assured him, that, "So far from having

any quarrel with the mutton, he should have no objection to try a little of it, deviled, for breakfast."

The captain was glad to hear so good a report from his cabin passenger ; and breakfast being soon reported ready, both cheerfully joined in a well-supported attack upon toast, eggs, fried bacon, and deviled mutton. Pierce did not even feel his appetite interfered with by the absence of milk ; but played his part in the general destruction with so much energy and despatch, that the steward's calculations, as to the quantum of toast required, which were founded upon the dinner of the day before, were completely defeated.

The anchor was weighed with the return of the tide, and the fleet of transports, headed by the Emerald, stood up for Liverpool, where they arrived in about an hour ; but the process of landing did not at all correspond with

this rapidity, for, on entering the docks, innumerable impediments presented themselves to the advance of the vessels : and Pierce, whose imagination had already placed him on shore, was provokingly disappointed at sight of the forest of masts which, he was informed, must be penetrated and passed before they could approach that part of the dock which was appointed for their debarkation.

The strange uproar, however, which now presented itself, gratified, in some measure, his disappointment at the unavoidable delay, as it afforded him considerable amusement. Here the bow of a sloop that was going out, struck the broadside of a transport that was coming in ; there the main-yards of a brig became entangled with the rigging of its neighbour ; now the bowsprit of a presumptuous cutter protruded over the stern of its more advanced companion ; ropes, booms, gaffs, and gunwales

appeared mingled in such inextricable confusion, that the cornet could not imagine that order would ever be restored amongst them. Added to this, the shouting of the sailors—the abuse of the captains as their vessels became endangered, the contradictory and simultaneous bellowing of commands, entreaties, and directions—and the hoarse roaring of the harbour-master through a huge speaking trumpet, as he vainly endeavoured to procure an unimpeded entrance for the vessels containing his Majesty's troops, alternately served to astonish, perplex, and amuse our hero.

Several hours were spent in this Babel scene ; and it was four o'clock before the Emerald could come alongside the quay, and allow the cornet to exercise that activity which had been so long repressed. Once arrived, however, he set to work *con amore* ; and putting his own hands to the rope, had soon the satisfaction to

behold the whole division safely landed. Then causing the men to mount, he marched off with a triumphant air, and proceeded to the market-place, where the regiment was ordered to assemble.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARCH TO BIRMINGHAM.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.

BYRON.

“WHAT do you think I seed one of them there Hirish do?” said the hostler of the Rose and Crown at Wallingford, to one of his brother servants, who was engaged in the anomalous employment of brushing the dry mud off the legs of a post-horse with a long besom; and, his eagerness to communicate depriving him of patience to await a reply, added, with that full and loud expression which always accom-

panies the relation of the wonderful, "Swilling pigs' milk!" The dirt brusher let fall his besom, from pure astonishment at such a fact, and gazing upon the narrator with a mingled look of horror and surprise, asked "Noa, did he doi?"

John Ostler assured him, that, wonderful to relate, death had not followed this unnatural use of pigs' milk, and both heroes of the stable joined in expressions of wonder at the temerity which led to, and the providential interposition which prevented any injurious effects from so daring an act.

The reader, unacquainted with the description of food on which the lower order of the Irish generally subsist, if any such there be in these times of widely-extended information, must be told, that on the breakfast, dinner, and supper-table of the poor peasant, a large jug of sour milk, called, in Ireland, butter-milk, is the constant accompaniment to a proportionate

wooden bowl of boiled potatoes, whose mastication it serves to assist, and in conjunction with a scanty portion of coarse salt, gives a relish and tone to the dry and unsavoury, but nutritious root. Butter-milk is also considered not unworthy the patronage of the more opulent ; and some old ladies will contend, that the certain recipe for long life and uninterrupted health, is a daily tumbler of fresh butter-milk, taken fasting.

In England, however, the case is different, and butter-milk does not, in any rank, possess that character which it holds in the sister country ; nay, so degraded are its virtues, that it is generally applied to the support of pigs, and the creation of that transparent fat on which an English farmer so much values his home-cured bacon.

John Ostler's surprise, therefore, is easily accounted for ; for when he saw a thirsty Irish

recruit, after a hot and dusty march from Liverpool, despatch a quart of milk which was intended for the pigs' trough, he could not contain his expressions of astonishment, nor restrain himself from communicating the fact,

Pierce, who, after an excellent breakfast, had been trying to get the dirt out of his eyes and hair, heard the conversation in the yard, and treasured it as a good story for the mess. The new customs and appearances which on all sides met his view, furnished him with much cause for astonishment. The cleanliness and comfort of the inns, the systematic activity of the waiters, the independent bluntness of the lowest peasant, the neatness of his latticed window and inclosed garden, and the total absence of beggars, or any indication of poverty, formed a contrast so much to the disadvantage of the land which he had just quitted, that he could

not help expressing his feelings on the subject, in frequent and energetic exclamations.

“ Alas ! poor Ireland,” he would say, “ had we a little of this English money and activity, what, with our natural advantages, might we not perform !”

The continuation of the march to Birmingham Pierce found very agreeable, although a more than ordinary portion of troop duty was imposed upon him, in consequence of the indisposition of Lieutenant Languid, who had been lately appointed to the troop ; and who, after the first day’s march, found that riding on horseback interfered so much with his health, that he found himself under the necessity of accompanying his wife, nurse, and two children, in his travelling chariot.

The route from Wallingford lay through Northwich, Drayton, and Stafford, at the latter

of which towns their society was augmented by the addition of a Mr. Thick, a farmer-looking person, who entered into conversation with the cornet, on the road, as they were entering Stafford, and volunteered his services in showing them the lions of the place.

Mr. Thick's polite attention was gratefully accepted of, and, soon after breakfast, the whole party were conducted by him to the lunatic asylum, which he stated to be the most extensive and best regulated in England; adding, at the same time, that he (Mr. Thick) was one of the committee of management.

After inspecting the cells, dormitories, halls, &c. &c., and admiring the order and cleanliness which pervaded them, the keeper ventured to conduct the military party into the yard, where the lower class of prisoners take their daily exercise. This was a sort of experiment, on his part, of the effect of scarlet cloth upon the minds of

the lunatics, and was, as soon appeared, not unattended with considerable risk to the officers ; for scarcely had the major, who headed the party, appeared in the yard, when a loud shout burst from the motley assembly, and a wild, emaciated-looking being, who fancied himself no less a personage than " Napoleon the Great," rushed towards the scarlet, and, in the most unceremonious manner possible, relieved the major from the weight of his helmet.

The *soi-disant* Napoleon had his head fantastically decorated with the feathers of old pens, which with much industry he had managed to collect ; these were surmounted by a large cock's tail, which was so arranged, by means of twine, as to proceed from the crown of his head ; a dirty beard, of many weeks' growth, extended along his chin from ear to ear ; the front part of his tattered coat was hung with a profusion of small, circular pieces of tin, wood, and crusts

of bread, in the form of medals, and his legs were covered, to the kness, with straw bandages, the meaning of which it would be difficult to determine.

Seizing the major's helmet, he gazed at the shining gilding of the front plate, and rubbed the bear-skin crest with ecstatic delight; then uttering a loud scream, he transferred the martial covering to his own head, and strutted up and down the yard with all the dignity of an emperor, receiving from the other lunatics, as he passed, a sort of obeisance, which, in support of his imaginary rank, he appeared to have established as a necessary tribute.

Meantime the other officers became also objects of attractions, and Pierce was soon saluted by a wan, forlorn-looking wretch (whose mind had become deranged by the sudden death of his intended bride) gently passing his hands over

the back of his jacket, and addressing him, in the tenderest tones, by the name of Eliza.

The major, it must be confessed, felt rather alarmed at being so summarily dispossessed of his helmet, which was a new article—one of Hawkes and Moseley's best—made by measurement to fit his head, and had only come into his possession the day previous to his leaving Liverpool; it was not, therefore, without considerable pain, that he saw Napoleon cover with it his dirty hair, and, wishing to view the object of his admiration under various circumstances, and in different lights, place it successively on the heads of his most favoured subjects.

Its last position was on matted locks, of such very equivocal animation, that the major could no longer contain his impatience, and advancing towards the then possessor of his property, he made a movement indicative of an intention to

regain it ; but Napoleon, who had been hitherto comparatively tranquil, now evinced strong symptoms of his imperial displeasure, and pushing his hideous face in between the major and his prize, he darted forth a look of fire, in token of his indignation, at the attempt made to interfere with his decrees, and stamped violently with his foot.

The major's impatience subsided with the increase of the emperor's rage, and calling to his aid "the better part of valour," he rapidly retreated, and took refuge under the protection of the keeper, requesting his immediate interference in the restoration of the new helmet.

The keeper had already perceived, that a more than usual degree of excitement had been produced upon the feelings of his patients, by the introduction of the red coats, and felt rather uncomfortable as to the probable result of his experiment, if allowed further operation. He,

therefore, by means of that peculiar influence which he possessed over the lunatics, obtained immediate possession of the helmet, and fearing the consequences of a longer delay, hurried Mr. Thick and his military friends out of the yard.

The major, as may be supposed, was not sorry to find his head once more covered with the cherished helmet, which, although bearing the strong impress of its late possessors, he buckled on with considerable satisfaction. Indeed the whole party congratulated themselves upon having had so lucky an escape ; for it appeared, by the confession of the keeper to Thick, that he had never seen the lunatics in so high a degree of excitement, produced, as he was convinced, by the red coats, to which they were unaccustomed. The major, therefore, recommended that no time should be lost in leaving the establishment ; and although Breakpeace

would gladly have accepted the invitation of the convalescents, who were exercising on the grass plot in front of the building, to join them in a game of bowls, yet, in compliance with the wishes of the commanding-officer, he denied himself that pleasure, and followed the rest of the party to the inn.

Thick was, of course, asked to dinner, and their expectations were not disappointed in his good humour and conviviality. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding formed a foundation for the repose of strong-bodied home-made port, which, when its enlivening properties had been diminished by frequent circulation, was followed by sundry bottoms of gin and brandy. Poor Thick, conceiving that it would be rudeness to refuse, partook of every thing that was offered to him; and although he had eaten what he called "rather a heavy lunch" at two o'clock, which was his usual dinner hour, he yet, by a great

stretch of politeness, managed to accommodate two supplies of beef and pudding, together with half a spatchcock, and a plate-full of gooseberry-fool.

This good eating naturally required good drinking; indeed he felt that the only chance he had of being able to keep down so varied and ample a repast, was by rather exceeding his usual portion of a pint of port. He, therefore, beheld the rapid circulation of the bottle without alarm; and when spirits were introduced, took his bottom of brandy, with a full confidence that it would do him good.

But neither Thick's head nor stomach were proof against an excess to which he was so totally unaccustomed, and a thickness of speech, and incipient hiccup, soon betrayed the effect which had been produced on them. Pierce saw with regret, that the good-natured farmer had been led on to eat and drink much more,

as Ravenscroft said, than he was able to carry conveniently away ; and when they placed him on horseback, felt serious apprehensions as to his future fate ; but the ostler assured him that the old mare knew her way home as well as her master, and that “ there was not the least fear of Master Thick getting safe to Elm Farm.” After a hearty shake of the hands with all round, and a promise to visit the mess when established at its new quarters in Birmingham, the worthy farmer trotted off, Johnny Rum and Breakpeace accompanying his departure with a loud shout.

Farmer Thick had not been thus screwed without some of the party feeling also the effect of the example which it was thought necessary to show him, and among other sufferers from this extra libation was the worthy President, Major Costiff ; he, forgetting, in an unguarded moment, Paris, Johnson, Wilson, Philip, Wadd,

and Cornaro—being, moreover, unchecked by the presence of his hypochondriac rib, who had been economically consigned to the Birmingham Defiance—entered quite into the spirit of the evening's occupation; and at the risk of utterly destroying the gastric juice, and creating a false appetite, never failed to fill his glass preparatory to each command of "Pass the bottle, Mr. Vice." The consequence was, that when the President got up to pay his parting civilities to their guest, it was a matter of doubt to many of the officers, whether the major or the farmer was the best qualified to mount a horse at that moment, with any prospect of remaining on his back. The major's unsteadiness, however, manifested itself in a very different way from that of the farmer; for not only his head but heart was affected: and the first object that presented itself to his affection being the lady in the bar, he at once introduced himself into that sanc-

tuary, and brought forth from the long-neglected storehouse of his memory, all those endearing expressions with which, in an earlier time, he had charmed the sensitiveness and rivetted the affections of Mrs. Costiff.

The landlady had been a celebrated beauty, whose face and fortune had attracted and disappointed many a suitor; but proving, like many of the more exalted of her sex, too difficult to please, flourished at five and forty in "single blessedness." To the port-excited major, however, she appeared, at most, sixteen, and he gazed at her with that glazed eye of devotion which such an age, under its most attractive circumstances, would naturally justify. Indeed, after the first volley of compliments, whether awed by the dignified beauty of the virgin landlady, or rendered speechless by her port, he did little else than gaze, and this in so strange a manner, that Mrs. Perkins thought it would

be for their mutual advantage that the interview should cease; accordingly, ringing for the chambermaid, she committed the enamoured major to her care, and wished him "a very good night."

Next morning saw the troops on their march for Wolverhampton; and the following day, after traversing the dreary flat which, bounded by smoking chimneys and blazing furnaces, leads through the immense population of Bilston and the adjacent hamlets, they entered Birmingham. Here the march was to end; and although the cornet had been both amused and instructed by the novel scenes which its progress presented to him, he yet felt no sort of regret, when the dome of St. Philip's indicated the town where these long morning rides were to terminate.

The barracks at Birmingham were found to be commodious and well-situated; and, unfor-

tunately for the officers, were considered so desirable a residence by the major and his lady, that they at once decided upon occupying the field-officer's quarters.

“And as many more rooms as they can do us out of,” said Ravenscroft, when he heard of this decision.

“By Jove, Mrs. Cos. shall have no help from me,” said Breakpeace; “I have no idea of encouraging women to come into barracks.”

This moral resolution of the captain's was much applauded by Rum, Flickerby, and Ravenscroft, who, together with the speaker, were assembled in conclave in the barrack yard, awaiting the arrival of the barrack-master to inspect and choose their respective quarters, and were wiling away the time by discussing this most unexpected and unwelcome intelligence of the major's intention to live in barracks.

“What a bore!” said Cornet Thompson,

who, with Pierce, had joined the party ; “ I declare there ought to be no such thing as wives in a dragoon regiment.”

“ Nor children either,” said Flickerby, looking significantly at the English cornet, who, even with the assistance of high-heeled boots, did not measure more than five feet three inches ; “ but, joking apart, I wish to heavens we could prevent this major commanding from honouring us with his household ; can’t we hit upon some plan to make him change his intention ?”

“ Swear the rats will eat his moustaches,” said Ravenscroft.

“ Eat his ‘effervescing Cheltenham’ you mean,” said Breakpeace.

“ Or Mrs. Cos.’s antibilious indigestive,” said Johnny.

“ Ha, ha, ha ! that would be an objection indeed to the barrack,” replied Ravenscroft ;

“ but I fear the major is not to be done in that way ; house-room without lodging money is mighty convenient ; and then, you know, one room is quite enough for a bachelor ; and nobody could refuse dear Mrs. Costiff, who is so tender to us young innocents, and so delicate and bilious, ha, ha, ha ! ”

“ Ill see her physicked before she has any extra room with my consent,” said Breakpeace, emphatically ; “ that’ll never do. If you give an inch to these sort of people, they are sure to take an ell, until at last we should be told that the mess-room is big enough for our dinner and bed-room. There’s that old humbug of a quarter-master goes and locks up, generally, one-fourth of the barracks for himself and his swarm of children, and then affects great civility and accommodation in squeezing us into the rest of the building. No, no ; giving up one’s right is

all nonsense; they never thank you for it, but laugh at your folly for being so easily gulled."

"They may laugh that win," said Ravenscroft; "I think Mrs. Cos. is booked for the barracks, notwithstanding all your resolutions."

"That may be," replied the other captain, "but it does not follow that she is to stay there."

"How, what do you mean?" said several.

"Only that she might find the atmosphere there rather too warm. I'm very fond of music and an evening party, you know."

Flickerby at once comprehended the allusion, and laughed immoderately at the idea of it.

In order that the reader should equally participate in the joke, he must be informed that Breakpeace, who had no ear whatever for music, but, like Dr. Johnson, considered all noises equally sonorous, had an extraordinary fancy for that original instrument, called, paradoxically,

cally, a tin horn ; with one of these he was known to amuse himself for half-an-hour at a time, and, in vain efforts to produce that startling octave on which a mail-coach guard so much prides himself, he sent forth the most hideous compound of high, low, and drowning tones that can be imagined. To acquire execution on the instrument was, however, his ambition ; and as execution, he was told by the master of the band, was only to be acquired by practice, his efforts were carried on with untiring industry. The tin horn always occupied a conspicuous situation in his barrack-room, from whence its strains proceeded whenever the captain's leisure admitted of this delightful relaxation. So invaluable a resource was now, therefore, looked upon as vitally connected with, not only the captain's happiness, but that of the whole corps of bachelors ; and the group in the barrack-yard heard, with much satisfaction,

Breakpeace's expressed determination to continue his practice with unabating vigour. Rum, also, promised to provide himself with a watchman's rattle, and, after having received sufficient instructions in the fingering, to accompany the leading strain of the horn ; and Flickerby agreed to look out for a dozen of the largest sized penny trumpets, in order that all those who had any taste for music might contribute their talents to the intended concert ; this was appointed to be held in Breakpeace's room, as soon as it was notified to him by the performers that they were provided with instruments, and perfect in their parts. And now, the barrack-master having arrived with the keys, the subject was changed, and the several parties proceeded to the selection of their respective quarters.

CHAPTER IX.

BANNA'S BANKS.

Oh ! it came o'er the ear like the sweet south
Breathing upon a bank of violets.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE plan thus laid for producing a revolution in the opinions of Major and Mrs. Costiff, with regard to the situation and commodiousness of the Birmingham barracks, was soon matured and put into practice. Breakpeace established himself immediately over the field-officer's quarters; Flickerby got possession of the adjoining room, and Johnny Rum of the one opposite; so that, whether for solo practice

of their several instruments, or for the united operation of all their musical powers, in either of the rooms, they were equally well situated for bestowing on the major and his lady the full benefit of their musical labours.

For the first week all was comparatively quiet, it being thought advisable to give the major every encouragement to settle himself; and, except the occasional sound of a little private practice, denoted by a blast from Breakpeace, a squeak from Flickerby, or a rattle from Johnny, no circumstance occurred to shake the nerves or affect the digestion of the parties below; but when the medicine-chest had been unpacked, the phials and pill-boxes arranged, the carpet spread, the coals and candles laid in, the passage swept, and a green baize curtain nailed up at the end to prevent the intrusion of noise and observation, then it

was considered high time to make arrangements for a concert.

The evening after the green baize had received its last nail was therefore fixed upon for an assembly of all the talents in Breakpeace's room : and soon after the " allowance" of Port had been disposed of, Rum, Flickerby, and the two cornets, were invited to grog and music in the captain's quarters. Pierce was at the same time requested to bring his flute, in order that as full a band as possible might be mustered.

The performers immediately sought their several instruments, and were marshalled by Breakpeace in the passage. To the flute was given the right of the line, and to the rattle the left ; Flickerby, provided with a penny trumpet, was stationed in the centre, and little Cornet Thompson, who expressed his anxiety to " assist in the concert," was also furnished with a similar instrument, and placed next him.

The leader and organizer of this extraordinary orchestra was just about to give the signal for commencing the overture by a loud blast from his horn, when he fortunately recollected that the operation of tuning had not been gone through ; and feeling that to attempt any piece without this indispensable precaution, would be a sad reflection upon their musical abilities, he suddenly checked his intended signal, and requested that the performers would adjourn to his room for the purpose of tuning. The captain's suggestion was unani- mously approved of, and all expressed their gratification at having a leader of so much discrimination. General tuning, therefore, immediately commenced, or rather a mock operation of that kind ; for, after half an hour's unremit- ting exertion to get the horn in tune with the flute, the rattle with the horn, and the trumpets with the rattle, during which many expressions

of astonishment at the unaccommodating disposition of the instruments were uttered, and many stamps of affected irritation were made on the floor, the performers were of opinion, that to establish concord was hopeless, and agreed, *nem. con.*, that it would show a greater consideration for the audience to play out of tune, than not to play at all. Accordingly, a commencement was resolved on, and the only remaining difficulty was, to determine what tune or overture would prove the most effective. This, however, was a point that did not occupy much discussion, for the only one of the party that knew one tune from another was our hero ; and his knowledge, as has been before shown, was not very extensive ; it was, however, sufficient on this occasion to enable the performers to come to a decision, for on Pierce stating that the only tune he could play out of book was " Banna's Banks," it was carried unani-

mously that "Banna's Banks" should be the standard piece for the evening.

Pierce now naturally became the leader, and his first bar was accompanied with a crash of discord that would have defied the highest notes his flute could produce. The cornet in vain protested against the loudness of the accompaniment, and declared his inability to play either in time or tune under such circumstances; but the orchestra was obstreperous; and although he repeatedly stated, that "Banna's Banks" was a slow and melancholy tune, Breakpeace insisted upon his playing it as fast as a country dance.

A full hour had been occupied in this chaotic uproar, each performer vying with his neighbour in loudness and discord of tone, when it was proposed by their host that a march along the passage would give relief both to them and the audience below; and accordingly the musi-

cians changed the scene of their operations, and, headed by Breakpeace, who took care to beat time with his feet *en promenant*, marched with much solemnity up and down the long passage, which was immediately over that which the major had so carefully secured with green baize.

The squeaking, rattling, and roaring was kept up in the passage until the parties concerned became so exceedingly weary of their own music, that they, with one accord, requested permission of the leader to defer the further execution of "Banna's Banks" until the following evening. Pierce had long ceased his fruitless efforts to preserve the continuity of the air : and having been hitherto little more than an inefficient addition to the promenade, was glad to hear the proposition of a finale, which was effected with all the noise that the several instruments were capable of affording ; and the

satisfied performers then applied themselves to the more quiescent occupation of disposing of the refreshing beverage, which their host had provided for them. The merits of the performance, and of Breakpeace's *garde du vin*, were here discussed, and so favourable to both was the general opinion, that a concert and punch, every alternate evening, were decreed indispensably necessary to the happiness of all the occupiers of the barrack, not forgetting the major and his lady, whose opinion was thus anticipated. It was further arranged, that each of the performers should, in his turn, be "at home," for the celebration of the evening's amusement: and Flickerby, being the next in seniority, was cautioned to provide for the reception of his company on the next occasion.

But what, it may be asked, were the feelings of Major and Mrs. Costiff during the perform-

ance which has been just described? and did they really coincide with that opinion which had been so boisterously assented to in the room above, and which had been presumed to accord with theirs, although the question had never been asked them? Alas! no; the poor lady had been in a perpetual state of suffering during the whole performance: for, exclusive of a professed sensibility of ear, which, though not sufficient to guide her in distinguishing tones of the most opposite melody, was yet frequently dwelt upon by her when music was the subject of conversation, she was, on this particular evening, rendered still further susceptible of nervous impressions, by a long continuance of hammering, with which the major had indulged himself in the morning, when employed in fixing the book-case, driving nails for pictures, kettle-holders, and such other

articles of useful and ornamental furniture, as his sitting-room invariably exhibited.

Mrs. Costiff was, therefore, more than usually unfitted to bear the uproarious discord which issued from the "bachelors' gallery," and she did not fail to express her feelings on the subject without reserve. At first, her addresses to the major were temperate ; but in proportion as the noise increased, and became protracted, did her sensibility and indignation increase, until the marching operation, which united the heavy stamping of feet to the already distracting sound of the instruments, brought the poor lady's feelings to a climax of wrath, which even the major had seldom witnessed.

"This is really quite intolerable," said Mrs. Costiff, as her abigail brought in the tea things; "Harris, do find out what the officers are

doing in the passage, and what's the meaning of this dreadful noise. I am astonished, Major Costiff," she continued, as Harris left the room, "that you should so tamely submit to such rudeness towards me, and disrespect to yourself—I am really astonished at it."

The major had seated himself in his usual methodical manner, with both elbows resting on the table, and was patiently awaiting the influence of half a kettle of boiling water upon three tea-spoon-fulls of black tea. This evening beverage was one which he much delighted in, and any interruption to his systematic sipping from the green and gold cup twice replenished, was not generally borne with the best possible good humour. For some moments he made no reply to the last mentioned goading address of his irritated lady, which was only an exaggerated repetition of her observations since the commencement of the up-stairs performance.

At length, slowly turning his eyes from the ornamental lid of the tea-pot, on which they had been rivetted since the introduction of the hot water, and fixing them with ominous intensity upon his better half, he thus spoke :—

“ I tell you, Madam,” (the major always called her Madam when he was anxious to produce an effect,) “ as I have often told you, that women know nothing at all about these matters, and the more they interfere in such subjects, the more mischief do they commit. When I consider myself treated with disrespect, I trust that I shall know how to resent it, and uphold the dignity of a major commanding half the regiment ; but let me tell you, that you are not to expect in barracks the quietness of your father’s rectory ; and although we were undisturbed at Cahir and Philipstown, because I managed to get an entire wing of the building to myself, it does not follow that we shall find

this small barrack equally comfortable. My ear is, I flatter myself, as sensitive as yours, (the major could blow a few *goose* notes on the clarionet), and as much alive to discord and want of harmony; but I am not therefore to interfere with the amusements of others, and discompose myself at meals (here the major put in his cup to be replenished) by taking cognizance of what may be going on overhead."

"And so I am to have my head distracted for the amusement of these gentlemen! I shall certainly not be able to get any sleep to-night, and when that is the case, you know my digestion is always affected. I wonder, my dear, how you can talk so unfeelingly. I am sure they are making this noise on purpose. There! that's Captain Breakpeace's mad scream, I'm certain. What's the advantage of being a

major, if one cannot put a stop to such a shameful uproar?"

Harris now entered in a state of evident excitement, and with all the indignation of insulted virtue, declared that "there was no standing them officers, their conduct was so *imperent*."

On a simultaneous inquiry from both master and mistress, the excited abigail stated, that on going to inquire into the cause of the uproar, in compliance with her mistress' orders, "she was out in the passage by Captain Breakpeace, who *caught* her by the gown in a very *misbehaving* manner, which, when she saw what he was at, she *give* him a good slap in the face, which he then stuck up his long horn, and blew it at her, so that she was frightened out of her wits, which, she declared she'd tell on him, which—"

“Poh! nonsense!” uttered the major, interrupting her, “what business had you in the passage at all? Your curiosity was properly rewarded. Come, take away these things, and let us hear no more of your scuffling with Captain Breakpeace.”

Harris sulkily obeyed, at the same time appealing by look to her mistress, who was already prepared to take up the cause of her injured abigail.

“I am surprised beyond measure, my dear,” said the eloquent lady, “how you can remain thus passive on such an occasion; not only is there no consideration, or common courtesy, towards the delicate state of my health; not only no subordination or military discipline, or respect to your rank, and command of half the regiment, but even my servant, my own maid, is grossly insulted; really, my dear, if you permit this sort of thing to go on, one cannot

tell where these gentlemen will stop. I suppose by and by Captain Breakpeace will be pulling out his horn at me, and insulting me to my very face."

Harris's countenance brightened as her mistress proceeded, and seeing that the major was not disposed to reply while she remained in the room, she bore off the tray in the full conviction that, if redress was not afforded her for Captain Breakpeace's rudeness, it would not be owing to want of exertion on the part of her lady. The door closed after Harris, but still the major spoke not. Mrs. Costiff fidgetted about the room, took up her work-box, pulled out a flounce, made a shew of threading her needle, and filled up the unoccupied intervals with the words—"shameful! most extraordinary! impudent!" but still her spouse

— Spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around.

The major, however, did not think the less

on the subject of his lady's complaint, and indeed his taciturnity in a great measure proceeded from the intensity of consideration which the case required; for, although the major was a most worthy man, and conscientious officer, yet he laboured under that difficulty, common to many of his superiors in rank and knowledge, fickleness of purpose.

This inability to come to a decision was a constant cause of embarrassment to him; and, strange as it may appear, the more he considered a subject, the more he heard it discussed, and the more he weighed the several arguments *pro* and *con*, so in proportion did his perplexity increase, and his power of deciding retrograde.

Mrs. Costiff was so sensible of this flaw in her husband's character, that she generally endeavoured to save him the labour of consideration, by avoiding all the intermediate intricacies of doubtful points, and at once pronouncing

judgment. This step was, with much generalship, invariably followed up by unjust excitements to induce a rapidity of execution corresponding to that of design, and the persevering lady seldom relinquished this meritorious activity until her object was accomplished.

In the present case, as has been shewn, her opinion upon the nature and intent of the evening concert up-stairs, had been at once formed; the major, however, did not, or at least appeared not to consider the subject in the same point of view; but his continued silence after her last emphatic address, and his fixed gaze upon the title-page of Dundas, from which his eyes had not been turned for full twenty minutes, sufficiently indicated to her experienced observation, that the major's ideas were far from being concentrated, and that it was absolutely necessary she should provide

him with judgment, and relieve him from vain demands upon his own reason.

The shrewd lady was, however, prudent enough to recollect the advantages which, in similar cases of difficulty, she never failed to derive, from the major being suffered to dwell unassisted on the subject, and she therefore determined upon reserving her force until his embarrassment had arrived at its height ; this, Mrs. Costiff calculated, might take place about the period of his retiring for the night, so lighting her bed candle, and replacing her flounce, she departed to prepare a curtain lecture, and left the silent major to doubt and Dundas.

CHAPTER X.

FIELD-DAY.

I'm asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, or sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

SHAKESPEARE.

———— Dux femina facti.

VIRGIL.

WE will not pretend to say what occurred behind the scenes on the night succeeding the events which have been recorded in the last chapter. Whether the major's doubts were cleared up, his feelings worked upon, or his

future peace of mind threatened—whether Mrs. Costiff entreated, dictated, smiled, or sulked—whether she sought repose in the arms of her lord, and soothed his cares,

With gentle words of loving harmony,

or, defying sleep, and unmindful of the major's snoring, kept up a series of unremitting attacks upon his unwilling ears, until the morning's dawn;—these are hidden mysteries, beyond our power of recording; but certain it is, that during this eventful period of the twenty-four hours, an effect of no ordinary kind had been produced upon the commanding officer, for at so early an hour as six on the following morning, he had already taken his morning draught, and sent the first stable-man his voice could reach, for the acting sergeant-major.

The sergeant, who had lately been promoted to this situation, thought it not unreasonable to

indulge in a little extra morning sleep on the strength of his advancement, and whilst the next in seniority was doing his duty, revelled in day dreams of increased pay, and farther elevation; he was consequently not out of bed when the major's order was communicated to him through the key-hole, and his half-buttoned garments shewed, as he hurried across the yard to the impatient major, that this early demand upon his exertions considerably interfered with the economy of his toilet.

“What do you mean, Sir, by coming to me in that state?” asked the indignant major, as his eyes glanced from the unbuttoned jacket to the half-buttoned trowsers; “button your jacket, Sir.”

The trembling sergeant-major commenced some words of apology, which were almost immediately interrupted by—

"Warn the men for a field-day immediately, to parade at eight o'clock; come, be alive."

"Yes, Sir," said the the bewildered sergeant, whose attention was about equally divided between the arrangement of his clothes, and the major's commands, "yes, Sir," and running off after the words, "be alive!" he as quickly returned to inquire "whether the officers were to attend?"

The major had nearly closed the orifice of his mouth with a fine frothy solution of military shaving soap, and was just about to apply the razor, when this question was asked; checking his intended operation, he now, in evident irritation, exhibited his well-lathered face at the window, and at the risk of having his palate saluted with the foaming mass, roared,

"Officers! of course—warn them immediately."

The trumpet sounded for "orders," and

soon Pat Carbine was at the cornet's door, with the intimation that "a field day had been ordered at eight o'clock." The heavy tread of the orderly sergeants along the passage, as they communicated the information to their several officers—the rattling of swords, collar chains, and stable buckets—the noise of servants, as they hurried to the stables with their masters' horse-appointments—the galloping of loose horses about the yard, and the shouts of the more careful dragoons who were cleaning theirs in security, soon confirmed the tidings of which Carbine was the bearer.

Pierce never felt less disposed to get up; the tiresome performance of the preceding night, closed as it had been, by a too liberal use of Breakpeace's hospitality, had produced a heaviness of sleep which for some moments baffled Carbine's exertions. However, after drawing back all the curtains, and giving the bed-clothes

a gentle shake, Pat succeeded in impressing upon his master the necessity of an immediate compliance with the directions of the trumpet.

With a dreadful head-ache the cornet rose ; but so slow had he been in obeying the summons of his faithful domestic, that he had not time even to fortify himself with a cup of tea ; and before he could effect the junction of his sword-belt, the “ turn out ” had already sounded.

The cornet's unfitness for duty was still further increased by a letter which was handed him just after he had mounted. Under the circumstances which he received it, military discipline ought to have directed him to defer the perusal until after the field day ; but seeing the Ballybutler post mark, he could not refrain from breaking the seal, and running over the contents.

The letter was from his mother, and, as usual,

consisted of three sides, crossed. Pierce turned it over and about, as if the more readily to obtain a general idea of its contents, the detail of which time would not permit him to venture on, and just as he had pronounced it "stupid," and was about to consign it to his sabretasche, his eyes were arrested by the postscript, always the most important part of a lady's letter.

P. S. "Mrs. Lovett's match-making has ended as usual; Methold's father would not submit to her dictation about settlements, and all is broken off. The young man has been forbidden the house—poor Susan is in great grief."

The cornet must be forgiven for the feelings which this postscript gave rise to. To say that he rejoiced at Methold's disappointment, or at the more poignant suffering of the sensitive Susan, would be an act of injustice to the kind heart and generous feelings of our hero; for,

however much his own sanguine expectations may have been destroyed, and his spirit mortified by the successful addresses of another, to one on whom his earliest affections had been concentrated, and whose heart was free, because, perhaps, he had not ventured more directly to solicit its sympathies, yet Pierce felt too deeply interested in Susan's happiness, and was too sensible of the little foundation which existed for his wild and sanguine anticipations, to hesitate in sacrificing his own hopes to her welfare: and "if," he would often say, "Susan loves him, and Methold be worthy of her love, then am I contented."

There was, however, more philosophy than feeling in this assertion; and often as the cornet endeavoured to impress it upon his mind, there was something revolting in the conclusion of the proposition, which always led him to doubt its truth.

Contented or not, with what appeared unavoidable, certain it is, that Mrs. Butler's postscript awakened a train of hopes and wishes which had been long repressed. "Broken off!" he repeated, as the squadrons left the yard for the exercise ground, and proceeded along the suburb which communicated with the country road; "perhaps, now—"

"Cornet Butler, what are you about?" roared a voice from the rear of the column; "have you neither hands nor legs, Sir, that you can't keep your horse straight, and cover before you?"

This morning salutation proceeded from no less a person than the major commanding, who, after having kept the troops waiting for full half an hour after the time appointed for parade, at length ordered Flickerby to march them to the ground, and had now galloped up to assume the command.

Pierce's thoughts were far removed from the business of the field-day when the major addressed him ; in a moment of abstraction he had allowed the reins to drop, and when the above rebuke reached him, he was most unconsciously riding on the green side of the road, his mare having chosen that part as being more agreeable to her feet, and admitting of a nearer approach to a most tempting blackthorn hedge, from which she snapped occasional mouthfuls of the young shoots.

The cornet, awakened to a sense of his irregularity, quickly snatched up his reins, and fell into his place, and luckily the major's rebuke left sufficient impression on him to prevent any further abstraction of mind during the rest of the march to Mosely Heath.

Here, however, poor Pierce suffered a relapse, and in the very first manœuvre, that of " marching past by half squadrons," was called

to order by the commanding officer for having lost his distance.

“ March past again !” roared the major, after having wheeled the column into line, and exposed a wide interval on the right of the left squadron. “ The left half squadron is not within three horses’ lengths of its distance. Cornet Butler, I desire more attention ; distances must not be lost—recollect, Sir, the breadth of your half squadron, and don’t let me see an inch lost. March past again !”

The line was again thrown into open column, and Pierce, much annoyed with himself at having been guilty of an omission which apparently resulted from pure carelessness, but which was in reality caused by the irresistible wandering of his thoughts on other subjects, resolved that the major should not a second time have any cause of complaint as to loss of distance ; calculating his interval, therefore,

with the greatest exactness, he obeyed the word of command, and passed the first marker in a most unexceptionable manner.

But here the major gave the word "trot!" and with the change of pace, the direction of our hero's thoughts was also changed, for on "halt, wheel into line!" being complied with, he found that his half squadron had followed so rapidly on the heels of the other, that there was no possibility of accommodating above one-fourth of its number in the alignment.

Now the cornet was considered rather a good half-squadron officer: he had made himself master of both Dundas and Dalbiac, at least so far as the former had been elucidated by the latter. He also possessed more knowledge of the general principles of tactics, than many of his superiors, both in age and experience, not excepting the major himself; and was generally

selected for the responsible command of a flank half-squadron, in consequence of the advantages which he was supposed to possess.

It was not, therefore, without considerable astonishment, nay, extreme irritation, that the major commanding witnessed this second error in so simple a movement, and feeling confident that it did not proceed from ignorance, concluded it must have been caused by design—connecting the circumstance also with the concert of the preceding night, for which this field-day was intended as a return. He called out the unlucky cornet in front of the regiment, and observed, in no very measured terms, upon this, as he called it, “intentional commission of the grossest and most inexcusable blunders.”

Pierce was going to assure him that his accusation was unfounded, and that he never felt more desirous to do his duty, &c.; but

"Silence, Sir, fall in!" checked his apology, and he was obliged to submit without remark to this unmerited censure.

"Marching past," was now abandoned, and the major proceeded to go, numerically, through ten out of the eighteen manœuvres, being those only of which he felt confident enough to give the words of command out of book. The right was thrown back on the left, and the left brought forward on the right; position was changed in open column, and flank marches made in close column; the retreat was performed *en échiquier*, and the advance *en échelon*; all according to the prescribed rules and regulations for formations and movements of his Majesty's cavalry. That is to say, the words of command were given according to the prescribed formula, but the execution was of a very different character, for not only did the cornet's continued abstraction lead him to commit numerous, and

apparently inexcusable errors, but Breakpeace, Flickerby, and the rest of the musical party, feeling convinced that the sudden field-day had been ordered expressly for their edification, took every opportunity to increase the confusion, and entangle the major in his manœuvres.

Cornet Thompson, on hearing the word "march," invariably pulled up his horse and halted, pretending that he had mistaken the word. Johnny, on being ordered to the right, immediately took his half squadron to the left. Flickerby, on being desired to put the regiment through a manœuvre, clubbed the whole line, and left the major to set it right; and Breakpeace, on leading his squadron to the charge, rode over the farrier, who was placed in front to mark the point of direction, and taking the men far away to the other side of the heath, returned at a walk, saying that he could not stop his horse.

These acts of premeditated error so fully coincided with the unintentional mistakes of the cornet, that Major Costiff decided, in his own mind, that a league had been formed by the several parties, as well against his public duty, as against his private peace. He, therefore, determined, unequivocally, and without delay, to express his sentiments to the delinquents, on the impropriety of their conduct; and, causing the "officers' call" to be sounded, he thus addressed the assembled body—

"Gentlemen—this is the most extraordinary, the most unaccountable proceeding which I have witnessed since I have had the honour to command half this regiment. The grossest errors, the most unjustifiable mistakes, the most abominable blunders—before my face, too, and without any disguise—have been committed this day. It cannot proceed from ignorance, gentlemen

The officers in command of half squadrons know their duty well enough. No, it is not ignorance, gentlemen. If I had gone beyond the tenth manœuvre in Dundas, there might be some excuse; but I have not done so: I have confined myself to those movements which are well known to you, which you have often performed under my instruction, and —”

Here the major's head, happening to move from its usual statue-like position towards the right, his eyes caught the cornet, who, with much shrewdness, had placed himself nearly on the major's flank, where he expected to be out of the range of his visual rays.

“And you, Cornet Butler,” he continued, “who read your books, and understand something of the principle of manœuvres, there is no excuse for you, Sir; the manner in which you have commanded your half-squadron this

day, Sir, is shameful—disgraceful. . . I am convinced, Sir, that you have done so intentionally, and on purpose to annoy me.”

Pierce was about to protest against such an inference being drawn from the mistakes which he had committed; but his protest was interrupted, *ab initio*, by the major peremptorily commanding, “No reply, Sir; I want no explanation; the facts are sufficient. Fall in, Sir—fall in, gentlemen. Depend upon it, I shall know how to treat a repetition of this conduct.”

Poor Pierce, unjustly accused, and denied explanation, fell into his place in a state of high indignation. He knew well that no officer in the regiment had paid more attention, both to the theory and practice of tactics, than he had; that no one of them had studied the complicated system of Dundas to the same extent as himself; and that few, if any, in the whole army, possessed such sincere zeal in the performance of

his duty. The excitement of his feelings, therefore, cannot be considered as uncalled for, nor will our hero, perhaps, be much censured for a secret determination, which he then made, to resent fully the slight which had been so publicly put upon him, and never to give the major true cause for animadverting on his conduct.

This feeling completely restored the collect-
edness of the cornet's mind, and he accompanied the troops back to the barracks, without once exhibiting an instance of mental abstraction.

Returned to his room, however, after the fatigues of the day, his indignation against the major, was quickly superseded by the recurrence of those feelings which had been produced by Mrs. Butler's letter.

"Methold dismissed!" said he; "Susan not going to be married! then there is some hope—but she loves him, for she is in grief;" and he looked again at the important postscript, to

ascertain the full value of the concluding expression. "Yes, Susan is in grief; him whom she loved is torn from her; her hopes of happiness are blasted; the object of all her gentle affection has been snatched from her embrace, at the moment when mutual love was matured, and future anticipations at their utmost height. And shall I disturb her sorrows? Shall I, unfeelingly, intrude my wishes upon that grief which I know well to be as deep as it is sincere? No; let me, at least, shew her that I can respect and value the purity of her attachment, even though its object be destructive to my own happiness. And yet," he continued, "if this marriage is really broken off; if there be no chance whatever of its taking place, surely Susan would not think of fostering a hopeless passion." This thought again reanimated all his anticipations. "Oh! if she knew how I love, how I adore her," he cried, "how stedfastly, through

sun and storm, I would cherish and protect her ; how I would reflect back the placid joy of her angelic smile, when pleasure gave it birth ; or, when grief oppressed her gentle heart, would clasp her to my breast, and soothe her untold sorrows with all my love."

Thus felt the cornet, and thus he reasoned ; and after a long train of similar thought and argument, he came, at length, to the decision of applying for leave of absence, to go to Ireland, and endeavour to ascertain what effect the late proceedings at the Glebe were likely to produce upon his future happiness. A difficulty, however, presented itself to him in the execution of this design, for the present was the season of drilling and field-days, and, except in cases of the most urgent necessity, commanding officers were strictly enjoined not to forward any applications to the Horse Guards for leave of absence. The scenes of last night, also, and that

of the morning, were not likely to strengthen his claims to the consideration of the major, and he felt strong doubts as to the possibility of accomplishing his object.

An attempt, however, he decided upon making; and where the result appeared so doubtful, it will not be considered extraordinary that he should depart from the regular course, and make his application to the major's lady, instead of the commanding officer himself. This plan he adopted, both from an unwillingness to risk any further ebullition of the major's wrath, and from a greater hope of success through that channel, founded upon a sort of nondescript tenderness which Mrs. Costiff had, from an early period, exhibited towards him.

Taking advantage, therefore, the following morning, of the major's absence in the town,

where he had gone, soon after breakfast, for the purpose of buying groceries, and replenishing his medicine chest, the cornet took courage to venture within the green baize entrance, and knock at the field officer's quarters.

"Come in," said a small, meaning voice, which the cornet knew to be that of Mrs. Cottiff, when indisposed; the order was obeyed, and Pierce hid his self-accusing face in a profound bow.

To his surprise, however, the object of his hopes and fears advanced in the most friendly manner, and giving him her hand, requested he would be seated. This was encouraging, and our hero recovered his composure, and inquired after the lady's health.

"Indeed, Mr. Butler," she replied, "I am by no means well to-day; the antimonial wine in the hospital is, I am certain, very bad; for

although I took forty drops last night going to bed, it had not the least effect, and I woke this morning without being at all sensible of any sudorific sensation ; but Major Costiff is gone into town to replenish our medicine chest, and I shall make another effort to-night to get rid of this cold, which coming into barracks here, I suppose, brought on ; but, indeed, it is very difficult for one to keep well in this barrack, for such noise and racketting I never heard. I am sure they were sweeping the stairs before daylight this morning, and knock, knock, with the end of the sweeping-brush—it went through my head as if I had been shot : then there's Captain Breakpeace, and his horrid horn, with other noises that I don't know what to make of. By the way, I think I heard your flute the other night, Mr. Butler.”

This very nearly amounted to a direct ques-

tion; and Pierce, after a little embarrassment, thought it would be as well at once to confess that he had made some unsuccessful efforts to play "Banna's Banks," on the night alluded to.

"Ah! you see I knew it," continued the lady, with much satisfaction at this proof of the excellence of her ear; "I delight in the flute, it is so very soft; but really that horn, and those dreadful things with which they were making such a frightful noise over our heads, the night before last, are quite intolerable. Really, Mr. Butler, I do assure you, that both Major Costiff and myself were kept awake for the entire night; and the head-ache which I then got, has not yet left me."

Pierce, finding that "Banna's Banks" proved such a protection to him, now felt more confident as to the probable result of his visit; and,

after cordially coinciding in Mrs. Costiff's abuse of the horn and its noisy accompaniments, and sympathising in her various ailments and affections, he ventured to hint his wish of procuring a short leave of absence, and his unwillingness to apply to the major, in consequence of what had occurred at the field-day.

The lady declared that she was unaware of any unfavourable opinion that Major Costiff might have respecting the cornet; "who," she added, significantly, and looking Pierce full in the face, "was always, of her's, at least, a great favourite. The major," she said, "kept all regimental business to himself, and never acquainted her with any of his piques, or plans on that subject;" however, she would endeavour to do away with any unfavourable impression which might have been formed, and promised him all her interest with the major.

Pierce, therefore, took his leave, with every prospect of success, which was still further strengthened by another affectionate glance, and friendly shake of the hand.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN TO BALLYBUTLER.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I'll rest.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE expectations which the cornet felt on taking leave of Mrs. Costiff, were not disappointed. An application for two months' leave of absence, on "urgent private affairs," was made out, and forwarded, supported by a strong recommendation from the lieutenant-colonel,

and, in due course, the permission from the Horse-Guards arrived.

Pierce lost no time in taking advantage of the indulgence, and leaving Birmingham the evening of the day on which his leave of absence arrived, reached Bristol just in time to take the packet for Cork. The weather was delightful, and wind fair, and in less than thirty-six hours from the time of his embarkation, Pierce found himself and portmanteau, in a jingle, on the road to Ballybutler. Having given his mother some idea to expect a visit from him, his appearance was not altogether unlooked for, and he met the usual kind and affectionate welcome from all at home.

In addition to his father and mother, the party at Ballybutler consisted of his next brother, Clones, who, as has been stated, followed the mercantile business of his father ; and the youngest, Redmond, who had just returned

from eating his way to the bar, at the king's inns, in Dublin.

The characters and appearance of these two youths were strongly contrasted. Redmond was small, pale, and delicately formed; Clones was tall, high-coloured, and muscular. An air of embarrassed sensibility pervaded the manner and conversation of the former; extreme confidence and self-possession that of the latter. Redmond, from a too humble estimate of his own powers, shrunk from a due exertion of them; whereas Clones never considered anything too difficult for him to accomplish, and, with very moderate abilities, would fearlessly engage in the discussion of any subject, and enforce his opinion with the most dogmatical assertion. He had also an unbounded passion for bargain-making, or, as it is called in Ireland, huxtering, and to accomplish a cheap purchase would devote much time and labour. Red-

riend's character and disposition, assimilating so much with those of Pierce, he became naturally our hero's favourite, and the warmth which both exhibited, on meeting after the shortest absence, proved the union and attachment which existed between them.

The first greetings being over, Pierce adjourned to Redmond's room, to dress for dinner, and there took occasion to make minute inquiries as to the state of affairs at the Glebe; this he did with the less restraint, as Redmond was already aware of his brother's long existing attachment in a certain quarter, and with all his natural warmth of feeling, sincerely sympathised in the cornet's sufferings.

Mrs. Lovett and her daughters, he was informed, had gone on a visit to a relative of her's in the county of Limerick, immediately after the marriage had been broken off, and had left the rector to take care of the Glebe and his

parishioners, by himself. They were to remain, it was reported, until Susan had quite recovered from the effects of her late disappointment, "which period," added Redmond, "Mrs. Lovett, no doubt, calculates with mathematical certainty."

"And Methold," inquired Pierce, "what's become of him?"

"Oh! his regiment has been ordered to Gibraltar, and I dare say he is just now preparing to embark at Cove, on board a transport."

"Poor Susan!" said Pierce; "thus is thy love rewarded—thus are the dearest ties of thy affection broken, by the sordid artifices of an unfeeling mother."

The brothers descended to the dining-room, the cornet being warmly welcomed in his way thither by the old servants, who, according to the old Ballybutler custom, were drawn up in

line at the entrance. "Welcome home, Master Pierce! Your honour's welcome, Sir!" resounded throughout the line; and the cornet, after shaking hands with those whose age and service warranted the freedom, was glad to transfer his attentions to the smoking salmon which graced the head of the table.

"There, my boy," said his father, as the butler raised the cover, and exposed to view the noble fish; "do you get these sort of rations at Birmingham? Come, let me see whether you can carve it, and don't forget to give me some of the fried potatoes."

Pierce cheerfully obeyed, and taking Mrs. Butler's place at the head of the table, while she and his father took their seats on either side, he proceeded to dispense the curdy flakes.

The salmon was succeeded by a roast turkey of home feeding, and Pierce felt well disposed to do equal justice to both dishes, with which,

it must be allowed, his situation of carver not a little interfered. However, by the assistance of some haricot-mutton at the bottom, and a gooseberry pudding which accompanied the second course, he was enabled to make amends for his previous abstinence in the packet.

Dinner being ended, and the young men congregated around the claret bottle, Pierce underwent a long and varied succession of inquiries from the two brothers, respecting his march through England, and the manners and customs of that country, as contrasted with those of the county of Cork; and while the enthusiastic cornet dilated on the white-washed cottages, clipped hedges, and universal comfort of the English, Mr. Butler sighed in silent acquiescence of facts, the truth of which he was truly sensible.

“ And do the labourers really all eat meat ?” said Clones; “ why, it must be very cheap.

Now, what's the price of mutton at Birmingham, Pierce?"

The cornet professed utter ignorance of the Birmingham markets, and stated, "that the mess-men always managed those sort of things, without troubling the officers."

"I dare say he troubles you with the bill, though," said the young merchant; "I should like to know what it costs you a week, at the mess, on an average. I'll be bound, something considerable."

"Really, Clones, I never 'struck the average,'" replied the cornet; "my arithmetical calculations have been very limited since I began soldiering; so long as I can carry on the war without exceeding my father's allowance, I am perfectly satisfied."

"Most extraordinary," muttered Clones, at the same time throwing up his head with great contempt at the cornet's ignorance on such im-

portant matters; "but," added he, aloud, "these officers have no idea of the value of money."

"You would not say that if you knew our senior major," said Pierce. "I would back him against you any day, for driving a bargain."

"Ha! no doubt he is a sensible man," replied the other, "and knows the world;" thus modestly including the major and himself in the same compliment.

"Come boys, finish the bottle," said Mr. Butler. "I'll warrant you'll all know how to take care of the pence by and by. When I was lieutenant and adjutant of the 3rd Buffs, I thought as little of money as Pierce does, and used to drink my wine and see my friends as well as the best of them. To be sure, port was then only 1s. 10d. a bottle, and we messed for 11s. 1d. a week, beer and supper included;

but an ensign had not more than four guineas a month, nine pounds being kept back for funeral expenses; and yet they gave parties—capital parties. I remember a married ensign of ours, named Diddler, who had nothing but his pay, and gave the best parties in Dublin barracks.”

“What sort of parties were those, father?” asked the cornet.

“Why, evening parties to be sure, with punch, real, well-made whisky punch, and no economy of it either—ha, ha, ha. How do you think I gave the punch to them, Pierce?”

“Very strong, no doubt, father.”

“No, no, that’s not what I mean; but in what sort of vessel do you think I gave it to them?”

“Oh, in a soup-tureen, perhaps.”

“Ha, ha, that’s not a bad idea; but you

haven't hit it, Pierce. Ha, ha, you never would guess—I made the punch in a bucket.”

“ A bucket !” exclaimed the cornet ; “ do you mean a regular stable bucket ?”

“ Pish ! you dragoons are always thinking about stables ; I know not whether it was a stable bucket, or a house bucket ; but this I know, that the punch was made and served up in a bucket, and capital punch it was.”

“ Well, and did they finish it, father ?” inquired the cornet.

“ Ah, there's the best of the story—they were all in high good humour with the punch, and drank away like fishes ; the colonel, above all others, seemed to enjoy the conceit of the bucket ; but after many of the officers had retired, and others fallen under the table, I found myself at last left with old Carbuncle, the surgeon, who was the only one able to sit up in his chair. Old Car, as we used to call him, was a six bot-

the man, a sort of fellow that would sit with every body's friend at the mess, and go home sober at six in the morning. However, my bucket conquered him, for he worked hard, and could not finish it; I suppose the fellow was full up to the throat. Well, old Car was in such a rage at not being able to see the bottom of the bucket, that he seized a candle, and sticking the lighted end into the punch, swore that as he could not finish it, nobody else should do so. Ha, ha—it always makes me laugh when I think of the bucket—ha, ha.”

The boys, as old Butler called his sons, joined heartily in the laugh, and the keys being delivered to Clones to lock up the wine, or rather the decanters, the remainder of the party adjourned to the drawing room.

Notwithstanding the joy which the presence of our hero caused throughout the family circle at Ballybutler, and the pleasure which he him-

self experienced at finding them all so well and happy, there was yet an artificial gaiety, and an evident abstraction of thought occasionally visible in his manner, which did not escape the notice of his affectionate mother. Mr. Butler and Clones certainly remarked that he was inexcusably careless at the whist table : and the latter, with some degree of irritation, declared, " that Pierce did not seem to care whether he won or lost ; " but none save Redmond knew the cause of this change ; and although Mrs. Butler longed to inquire, yet she would not risk the probability of giving him pain, by an attempt to relieve her anxiety, when the rest of the family were present.

When, however, Mr. Butler had retired for the night, and Clones, after snoring for half an hour in his chair, had at length lighted his bed-candle, she no longer restrained the expression of her anxious wishes to be informed of

the cause of the evident depression of spirits under which our hero laboured. Pierce had already determined in his own mind on taking the first opportunity of laying the whole state of his feelings before his mother, and felt quite relieved at the opening which was thus afforded him ; signifying, therefore, to Redmond that he would be glad of a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Butler, the young lawyer also left the room, and gave Pierce every advantage of disclosing his griefs.

The cornet began,

“ Even from his boyish days ; ”

told how he had admired, and liked, and—loved ; how, fearful of his father’s objections, and unwilling to add to the annoyance which his change of profession had caused him, he had never before mentioned the subject ; how the uncertainty as to his father’s sentiments and

hers had checked the expression of his feelings towards Susan, and prevented him, up to the last moment of his departure to join the regiment, from making any avowal of his sentiments.

Then came the story of the ring, and the parting look, and the deceitful imagery of his own sanguine imagination, which, beguiling him with hope, had, until the announcement of her intended marriage with Methold, led him to believe that Susan's feelings towards him, if not quite so ardent as he wished, were still sufficiently favourable to found anticipations of his future happiness. These again, he said, were blasted on that eventful evening when his parting present was returned to him, and though he never could entirely drive from his memory the object of his long cherished affection, yet that, from that time, he had ceased to encourage any hope of his wishes being ever realized,

until the last letter, which he received from his mother, at Birmingham, again revived all his former feelings and expectations.

Mrs. Butler heard the confession of her son, and sighed. The wife which she had selected for Pierce, and the happiness of whose union with him she would often picture to herself during his absence, was Geraldine Massey; this was a match which she considered as every way desirable, both as regarded fortune and connection; whereas the Lovetts were deficient in both; and although she could not deny the gentle attractions, and amiable disposition of Susan, yet, as a matter of prudence and respectability, Mrs. Butler was strongly of opinion that Geraldine Massey would have made a better wife for the cornet.

It was not, therefore, without feelings of considerable disappointment and regret, that Mrs. Butler heard the unequivocal declaration

of her son, which was followed by his earnest entreaty for her advice and assistance in the accomplishment of his wishes. His father, Pierce was well aware, would strongly disapprove of his forming such a connection, and he, therefore, entreated his mother's mediation, as his only means of obtaining Mr. Butler's sanction. Mrs. Butler was too fond of her son to think of urging him into a marriage to which his feelings were so much opposed and, much as her own intentions had been defeated, she at once decided upon no longer persevering in them; but as Pierce's feelings were evidently strongly and deeply engaged in the object of his affections, promised all her assistance.

It was first decided, as a preliminary measure, that the subject should be mentioned to Mr. Butler, and that in case of his being prevailed upon to give his consent, Pierce should next

ascertain the state of the young lady's feelings, and then address Mr. and Mrs Lovett, objections from whom were not anticipated.

The cornet retired to bed with a light heart ; his confession had relieved him from much pain, and he felt great confidence in the exertions which his mother had promised.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, Pierce was summoned to attend his father in the study, and, in fear and trembling as to the result, heard the following declaration of his sentiments on the subject of the cornet's anxiety.

“ So you want a wife, Pierce ? Well, I think a subaltern's baggage is heavy enough without any addition. Why, you'll have a car-full of children by the time you're a captain. When I was lieutenant and adjutant of the 3d Buffs, I never thought of marrying ; Diddler was the only married sub. in the regiment. He gave

parties to be sure, as I told you last night; but then he never had one sixpence to rub against another; and his barrack-room was like a foundling hospital, only not half so clean or comfortable. Well, you're old enough to judge for yourself, but it's my business to tell you what you will have to live on—you know there are others to be provided for besides you, and my money is all sunk in the counting-house—can't take it out of that—times may change you know—must keep a reserve in case of a siege—it wouldn't do for me to make you independent, and leave others in want."

"Certainly not, father," said the cornet, who was agreeably surprised at the way in which Mr. Butler had received the subject; "nothing was farther from my thoughts than such an expectation. I seek for no provision that would injure the interests of my brothers, and I hope you will do me the justice to believe

that I could not feel any satisfaction in an independence which would destroy that of Redmond and Clones."

"I do believe it, my boy, and, therefore I shall at once tell you what it is in my power consistently to do, with regard to money matters. You have now an allowance of three hundred pounds per annum; I have no objection to make that five hundred pounds in the event of your marrying; that is to say, five hundred pounds during my life, for you will, of course, eventually receive your proportion of all the property which I shall leave, and then this allowance will be replaced by that sum whatever it be. Trade is too uncertain for me to say what your fortune will eventually amount to; but this much I may say, that unless something very extraordinary and unexpected happens, you will have at least twice five hundred pounds per annum; so now you know as much

as I do about it, and take your own road, my boy. I know there is no use arguing with people in love ; and if I were to tell you that you are too poor to marry a woman without money, (for the rector, I am sure, cannot give his daughter anything worth talking about), and ought to be too proud to marry one of low connection—why, if I were to tell you that, you wouldn't believe me : so, go your way, my boy. I hope you are right, and will prove it by being happy."

Pierce was so much overpowered by his feelings that he left the room, without making any reply. He saw, evidently, that his projected marriage was not agreeable to his father, and that the kind old man had sacrificed his own feelings and judgment to contribute to the happiness of his son.

These were not encouraging auspices to proceed under ; but Pierce, still looking to the

bright side of futurity, felt confident that his father's want of interest for Susan proceeded from his want of knowledge of her character, and that, when once well known to him, she would create in his mind an admiration for her merits, proportionate to what he felt himself.

The plan of operation was now to be laid down, and on this subject he conferred immediately with Mrs. Butler, who, having given up all hope of seeing her own wishes accomplished with regard to Geraldine Massey, now cheerfully lent her assistance to the obtaining of Susan Lovett.

After much speculation and deliberation, it was agreed to, as most adviseable, that the cornet should wait the return of the fair Susan to the Glebe, and then personally ascertain his chance of success.

CHAPTER XI.

THE

BALLINTEMPLE CORPORATION.

Long life to the king, whom we all love and venerate,
Sure 'tis a very fine thing to centenarate ;
'Tis that joyous event we've met here to commemorate,
So success to our own corporation at any rate !

TOLEKEN'S *Charter Song*.

To beguile the tedious and anxious time until the return of Susan to the Glebe, Pierce determined on making a round of visits in the neighbourhood of Ballybutler. The morning after this resolution was formed, he mounted his horse, and an hour and a half's

ride brought him to the avenue of Mr. Oldenham, just at breakfast time.

Mr. Oldenham was a banker in Cork, and possessed a pretty villa, distant little more than a mile from the city. It was situated on the declivity of the steep hill which runs along the northern bank of the river Lee, and was delightfully sheltered by the rich wood which towered above it. The house, built upon a natural terrace, commanded an extensive view of the windings of the river from Cork to the boat-building town of Passage. The opposite shore to that on which Mr. Oldenham's villa stood, was formed by the peninsula of Blackrock, terminated by the picturesque ruins of an ancient castle, erected by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, in the stormy times of Elizabeth, as a defence to the river, which, from this point, spread out into a wide reach called Lough Mahon. The peninsula of Blackrock was flat,

and appeared studded with the neat country seats of the citizens—their white walls and palings peeping through trimly cut trees and shrubs. It contained two inconsiderable villages, one of which was named Ballintemple; and the peninsula lay with the broad course of the river, which now glittered in the morning sun-beams, outstretched in map-like view beneath the windows of Mr. Oldenham's breakfast-parlour.

"Who can this be?" said the banker, to his fair daughter, as he advanced to the open window; "here's a smart young fellow riding up the avenue—something of the military cut—who can it be?—do look, Mary."

Miss Oldenham put down the tea-pot, and rising from the breakfast-table, went to the window.

"Well, Mary?" said Mr. Oldenham.

"Your new telescope is in the room, Pa,"

replied the gentle Mary, archly ; but la, Pa ! can't you see that it is Mr. Pierce Butler ? You know he got a commission in the dragoons—and you know—”

“ Know ! how should I know any thing about the matter, Mary ? But now I see ; it is Pierce, sure enough ! Bless the boy ! Butter, beef, and pork, firkins, tierces, and barrels, turned into a spurred, Spanish don whiskerandos. Well—well, here he is.”

Mary was silent ; and as the cornet, who had arrived in front of the house, conscious of his skill in horsemanship, struck the rowel of his spur into the side of his bounding steed, that he might curb him in with better effect before the door, she quietly resumed her place at the breakfast-table, and commenced adding some more tea to the pot.

“ You're right, my girl,” said her father, turning round sharply ; “ quite right, by my word, 'tis little Pierce Butler that was, sure

enough. What a great fellow he has grown ! Ay, ay," he continued, observing the additional spoonsful of tea which his daughter added to the pot, " Ay, ay, Mary ; you're quite right too, in your theory of political economy—the demand should always create the supply—that's the true principle ; ring the bell for John to take the hero's steed round to the stable. Young Butler," said Mr. Oldenham, advancing from the window, which opened on the lawn, " I'm glad to see you, Sir."

" Thank you, Mr. Oldenham—thank you," replied the cornet, as he dismounted, and then shook the worthy banker warmly by the hand.

" What," said Mr. Oldenham, in his candid way of speaking ; " What, Butler ! made a fool of yourself and turned soldier ?"

Pierce was too well acquainted with the banker's peculiarities to feel offended at this

address, and replied by the simple monosyllable of "Sir," emphatically pronounced. He was, however, soon relieved from the embarrassment by Mr. Oldenham, who thus continued,

"Sir—ay, Sir Knight, I marvelled much what strange animal, whiskered, booted, and spurred, was curvetting up my avenue; and your old dancing-school friend, my daughter Mary, advised me to try my new telescope to define the appearance; but breakfast waits."

The cornet now turned to the blushing tea-maker, and after a cordial greeting, took a seat beside her, and commenced an attack upon the well-spread board.

Mr. Ude, the autocrat of cookery, informs us that a breakfast in town is little worth attending to; but that in the country, "all is different." And so indeed it would seem from the persevering attention which Pierce paid to the repast. Although Mr. Oldenham's table could not boast

the kidneys *à la brochette*, larks *à la minute*, the brawn, the potted grouse, &c. recommended by the autocrat, nevertheless the cornet did ample justice to the eggs, the household bread, and the excellent coffee of his worthy host.

Whilst Pierce was occupied in cracking the dome of his fourth egg, his attention was aroused from the piece of burglary he was about to commit, by seeing Mr. Oldenham start up from the table, and exclaim in an angry tone, "Mary—Mary, that villainous cat; I told you so; I knew I should have my telescope destroyed."

Mary gave a glance at the cornet, who elevated his eyebrows in token of his intelligence; but the banker seeing that his beloved telescope was nearly upset, sprung forward, and seized it just before it fell to the ground.

"Ha, young Butler," said he, "I would not for a hundred pounds—no, not for your

commission, lose this telescope, the speculum of which I have myself polished upon a new principle. You shall try it; let me find the focus—ay, there it is—ay—but hey-dey, what have we here? boats, boats, boats—twelve—fourteen—eighteen—twenty—twenty-four—fifty, I verily believe! And what dresses! And eh! what the devil is there? an elephant, an hippopotamus, or a whale broke loose—take the glass, young Butler.”

The cornet, who had listened cup in hand to the banker’s exclamations, now advanced to the telescope, and placed his orb of vision to the glass.

“ I cannot make it out, Sir,” said the cornet ;
“ there certainly is a vast number of boats, and a crowd of people—some of them in strange dresses ; and I am pretty sure an elephant—”

“ As to the elephant,” said Mr. Oldenham,
“ there can be no doubt, except that never

stood elephant so motionless. I wonder what this piece of mummary can mean."

"La, pa!" said his daughter, addressing her father, with her customary exclamation, "you are always wondering; why the boats and the crowd are the Ballintemple corporation, to be sure; and the elephant is the stuffed elephant of the Apollo Society, as Pierce must recollect. There's all about it in the newspaper—"

"What, the Southern Reporter? where, Mary—oh, I see it,"—and Mr. Oldenham read aloud—

“ GRAND CENTENARY JUBILEE OF BALLIN-
TEMPLE.

“ *Cead meal au failte.*

“ At an august and solemn assembly o. the mayor, sheriff, recorder, common-talker, and commons general, of Ballintemple, incorporated in the spring, previous to the year ONE, by

Cormack Mac Shane Mac Dermod Mac Finneen O'Fun, king of the Firbullugs, in awful council assembled.

“ It is ordered, that this ancient body shall, on the first of August, old style, latterly computed the twelfth of August, new style, according to the custom laid down in the formulary for the centenarious celebration of great events, solemnize the real centeniversary of the auspicious day on which the House of Brunswick extended its protecting principles over these islands.

“ The members of the body corporate are therefore to assemble at ten o'clock, in high regalia and paraphernalia, gowns, wigs, hoods, maces, and other outward signs of wisdom and jurisprudence ; and after proceeding in antique form and magisterial dignity, with music, banners, streamers, &c. caused to be recognized their jurisdiction over the slabs,

fens, moors, marches, estuaries, brickeries, fisheries, flukeries, cockleries, dabsands, flounderbanks, and periwinkle beds, in and out of the river Luvius, hodie, Lee, and all the bays, gulfs, creeks, channels, inlets, and outlets, thereunto belonging or appertaining, and then feast as becometh, in the great hall of the corporation. And all those abroad or beyond the seas, or otherwise prevented from a due obedience to this proclamation, are, on pain of disfranchisement to send their attested letters of incapacity, as of old established.

“ Done in full council at the Council-hall, this twelfth day of July, in the year of safety, 1814, and of the corporation, 5819.

“ TIMOTHY BRUSNEHAUNE,

“ *Town-Clerk.*”

“ Stuff—nonsense—tom-foolery,” muttered

the banker ; “ I now see what it’s all about
And there, there’s more of it ; firing—bang—
bang—bang. I now see what it’s all about.”

“ And pray, Sir, what may it be ?” inquired
the cornet.

“ Tom-foolery—Tom-foolery—all damned
Tom-foolery. Why it’s a burlesque on the an-
cient corporation of this city, chartered *tempore*
Henrici Secundi—that’s what it is, young
Butler. A most disrespectful piece of Tom-
foolery ; and to be practised, too, under the
very nose of a magistrate like myself, when they
knew I could see all their absurd movements.”

“ With your new telescope, pa !” said Mary.

“ The fact is, young Butler, my boy, as you
very well know the corporation of Cork have,
time out of mind, always celebrated the first
of August by proceeding down the river in so-
lemn assembly, the mayor being admiral of the
harbour, and thereunto appointed by various

charters. Its an ancient custom, you know, and ought not to be ridiculed by a parcel of play-acting, song-writing, punch-bibbing, buffoons. I am a magistrate, and am determined to uphold, by every legal means in my power, the dignity of the corporation of our city."

Here the magisterial harangue was interrupted by the announcement of Captain Dixon.

" Captain Dixon," said Mr. Oldenham, " your advice and assistance, at this juncture, will be of the utmost importance to me. I am about to act in my official capacity. An insult of the grossest nature is being offered to the corporation of the city of Cork, by a pack of ruffianly, peace-breaking blackguards—armed, Sir—armed, and protected by cannon. Do you hear, Sir? bang—bang—bang—there they go again. Look through this telescope, Sir, and see it with your own eyes."

" It is not necessary, Mr. Oldenham," said

Captain Dixon, observing the direction in which the telescope was pointed, "I have but just left the river, having come up in my barge from Cove; and I think you cannot do better, if you anticipate any thing serious, than to accompany me. My boat is just under the house, and I have half a dozen smart hands, who will pull us alongside of them in capital man-of-war style. As for their pop-guns, my lads wont care much for such things, I promise you."

Mr. Oldenham readily assented, and Pierce expressing a wish to be included in the party, they descended to the shore, and embarked without loss of time.

CHAPTER XII.

BALLINTEMPLE CORPORATION.

(CONTINUED.)

If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak, I find
By my inward stir——

*Remonstratory Ode, by the
Elephant of Exeter Change.*

A. P. T. HOOD.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tom-foolery. Huzza ! huzzas !

Rejected Addresses.

It was a glorious August morning ; gun after
gun reverberated in quick succession along the
shores of the Lee, as the merry corporation of
Ballintemple sallied forth, each member equip-
ped in costume appropriate to his dignity.

Croker Barrington, arrayed in robes of Tyrian hue, headed the august procession, mace in hand, manufactured by the renowned George Keybourn, of South Main Street. The mace-bearer was followed by a motley train of burgesses, some with helm on head and battle-axe on shoulder, others with Spanish cloak, and waving plume—others again in full court dress, with lace ruffles and sword—others in the ponderous boots, square bottomed coat, three-cornered hat, and well curled periwig of former days—here an hussar, with a prodigious display of whiskers—there a jolly tar, with blue jacket, long cue, and loose trowsers. In short, the whole wardrobe and properties of the Apollo Society had been put into requisition.

The burgesses were followed by little George Goblet, the mayor, a highly respectable personage, whose stature did not materially exceed four feet and a half; yet was there an air of

conscious loftiness in every step and look, as the diminutive mayor strutted with all the pride of a bantam, surrounded by sergeants at arms, ushers of the black rod, and various other officers of state.

And next in order,
Came the recorder,

an imp of sallow hue, and wrinkled visage, clad in well worn robes of rusty black, with ponderous wig, descending in ample curls, as may be judged, when it is stated that it once adorned the head and shoulders of his Utopian majesty, Artaxominous. The procession was closed by a numerous body of common-council men ; while the sheriffs, with their cocked hats, white wands, and massive chains, from which depended well gilt gingerbread medals, struck in honour of the occasion, at the mint of Mr. Confectioner Boland, brought up the rear.

It may well be supposed that such a procession as we have described, attended by the bands of two of the regiments quartered in Cork, and whose movements were announced by salutes from the batteries of Blackrock Castle, and Croker Barrington's Folly, could not move unattended by spectators to the King's Quay, their place of embarkation; and it may safely be asserted, that every cabin of Ballintemple and Dundaniel sent forth its inmates to gaze upon so gallant a shew, and to increase its triumphs, by acclamations loud and long.

"Oh, yea," said old Moll Scannell, who had lived in the castle of Blackrock for the last forty years. "Oh, yea, and 'tis that little bit of a man, Georgy Goblet, that they calls the mayor, my dear. Wisha then, 'tis quare times, and there's Croker Barrington out before them, with the lump of a great tin ladle in his hand, and sure 'tis easy knowing why he was so 'cute

upon the poor boys mending the road, my dear, yesterday, to have it all clean out of hand this morning, early, and wouldn't give them time to eat their bit of victuals—God help the creatures! And there's big Dinny—oh, yea—and Misther Jameison, Misther Magrah, with the sword in his hand, and Harry Bennett, good luck to him any how, 'twas last Sunday he threw me a tinpenny—and Mr. Kearns, long life and an easy death to him—and Lauveen Hobbs, God help us!—the poor lone widow—and there's that great unnatural beast in the big mud boat there, that they calls an elegant, and that has a snout as long as pig's body, wagging this way and that way, and 'tis riding upon it, they are going to put Tom Barrett, the piper—well 'tis an easy seat, I wish Tom any how—and there's Toleken, and Aikenhead, with the yallow boots, and Millikin—and oh, there's clearly all Cork there, barring Sir Davy himself;

but sure 'tis easy to know why he's not there,
seeing 'tis jealous he is of little Georgy Goblet.
Hoh ! there's another shot."

Such was the Widow Scannell's soliloquy on beholding the gaudy corporation embark, under another salute from the batteries, and a heart-stirring roar of delight from the crowd assembled on the shore.

" By the powers, Dick Millikin—I'll be drowned if you don't put your stern into the bow of the boat, and bring her by the head," roared the mayor, as the crowded skiff, in which his worship occupied the post of honour, was rowed toward the state barge of the corporation.

" Right worshipful," replied Millikin, " you have heard of

Bryan O'Lynn, with his wife and wife's mother,
Who all went over the bridge together ;
But the bridge broke down, and they all fell in,
We'll get to the bottom said Bryan O'Lynn.

Why, Goblet, my old boy, there's not six feet water between the shore and Andy Hennessy's mud barge."

"Six feet," echoed the mayor, "'tis well enough for you to talk in this way, but what the devil would I do in six feet water, Mr. Burgess?"

"Shall I help your worship up the side," said Millikin; "they have forgot the accommodation ladder," and without waiting for reply, he seized hold of the mayor, and handed him up in safety to the grasp of Jerry Leary, a stout brick-maker, who, without much exertion, soon placed him firmly upon his feet, on the quarter deck of the state barge. A loud shout of laughter from the shore, and the surrounding boats, followed the performance of this feat.

"Well, thank goodness," said little Goblet, pecking up his head like a cock-sparrow, and nothing disconcerted at the proceeding, or the

halloes and huzzas of which it was productive, “thank goodness I’m safely *landed* at last!—and now, boys, as soon as you get into something like order, I’ll give the word. The seven four-oared boats, you see, are to follow the state barge—the band of the Cork militia to be in one of them—let a banner be placed in the head of each. Steady there—the six-oared gig with the mace bearer, is to go a-head, with the other band in the bow, and the wherries are to keep off the crowd of boats. Let Mic O’Brien be admiral of the fleet. Do you hear me, Mic,” said the mayor, raising his voice. “Here Moylan, throw him this gold-laced cocked hat, and gingerbread medal. And now, are you all ready? Let Maurice Cogan go into the elephant; and mind, Maurice, for your life, keep the proboscis and tail moving, fore and aft, Maurice.—Is all ready?”

“Faith then, Mr. Goblet, that’s easier said

than done," said Jerry Leary, "sure there's Tom Barrett, the piper, isn't he as drunk as Barcus, in Mrs. Rockey's tap-room, and sure I knew how 'twould be with him this morning. Who in the wide world will we put on his currigub sitting up on the elephant? Here's Tom Barrett's pipes, any way."

"Come here, Tim Sullivan," said Millikin, "can you play the bagpipes?"

"Indeed then myself can't tell that same rightly," replied Tim, scratching his head, "and to spake the truth, I don't know, for I never tried."

"Well then, you shall try now," said Millikin, "up with you on the elephant's back, sit down cross-legged there, under the red and gold tester, my boy—here's the pipes, put the bag under arm, fasten it with that strap, and blow away like a broken winded horse. There's grand

music for you, Mister Mayor. Who cares for Tom Barrett now?"

"What are you about, Cogan?" said the mayor, "why don't you keep the proboscis and the tail moving together?"

Cogan replied in a hollow voice of despair, from the interior of the elephant,

"By Gob, Goblet, this will never do; I'm fairly bothered from head to the tail—I must have some one to help me—the strings are too short, entirely, and I'm in a regular stew, crammed up here."

"Well, well," replied his worship, "just stay where you are, Maurice, and never mind it; you shall have some one directly."

These important arrangements completed, a signal was given from the state barge for the aquatic procession to move forward. The bands struck up "Bob and Joan," all the palthogue* notes

* Thumping.

of which were given with due effect upon the trombones and great drums.

The boats glided along the glassy surface of the Lee, towards Cork ; towering pre-eminent above the rest, was seen the elephantine barge, once destined to the ignoble purpose of receiving mud for Dundaniel brick-yard, now exalted into the state galley of the most ancient of corporations.

“ By the piper of Blessingtoun,” cried Mic O'Brien, pulling along side the state barge, in all haste, “ if here's not another Admirable coming towards us—and faith, I believe 'tis the real Admirable Sawyer himself, from Cove, for he has the two gold epelepses on his shoulders ; and sure I'd know the regular man of war's stroke a mile off.”

“ 'Tis too true to put in a ballot, your worship,” said Millikin, “ and as sure as my eyes are not fellows, 'tis that old humbug Oldenham

is with the admiral. But stop, it is not the admiral. Faith, 'tis my worthy friend, Dixon, of the Lizard, and devil a better fellow ever stepped a quarter-deck, in or out of shoe leather. Give me the speaking trumpet."

"Hilloa—hoa—a hoy—boat!"

Captain Dixon, who steered the Lizard's barge, stood up, and putting his hands to his mouth, returned the salute with a lusty "ay, ay."

"Dixon," said Millikin, through the trumpet, "in the name of his worship the mayor, I hail thee, and good Master Oldenham, and the man of the mustachios, whom I know not, and invite you all severally and collectively to dine with us, the ancient corporation of Ballintemple, in our town hall—*horâ quintâ post meridiem*."

To this address, delivered with the voice of a stentor, Captain Dixon replied, by requesting that a rope might be thrown to him. "I told

you," said he, turning to Mr. Oldenham, "that it's all a good-humoured piece of business, and I have no doubt 'twill be a devilish merry dinner. There's not a pleasanter fellow anywhere than Millikin—what say you?"

The banker shook his head; but it was evident, from the expression of his countenance, that his magisterial scruples were fast giving way before the arguments which Captain Dixon had used on their passage. And when Pierce urged the necessity of his accepting the invitation, on the ground of being present, should any "untoward event" occur, he suffered a half consent to escape him.

"Here, Dixon, lend us a hand," said Millikin, "or we shall never be able to reach the New Bridge; it's now dead water, and the tide will be against us in a quarter of an hour, so take the rope ahead, and give us a tow."

Captain Dixon did as requested, and the

barge of his majesty's sloop Lizard, now led on the triumphal procession of the Ballintemple corporation.

The cornet, who had enjoyed, with infinite zest, the change in the opinions of the worthy magistrate, as well as the burlesque scene in which he had now become an actor, determined to have *his* share of the fun; and, therefore, ventured to suggest to Mr. Oldenham, with a face of assumed gravity, although a sly wink of his left eye was unquestionably perceptible to Captain Dixon, "that his plain black coat, and round hat, rendered him a little conspicuous, where every body was so gaily and fantastically attired; and he would propose, as an amendment, that the sleeves of his coat should be turned inside out, so as to make manifest their white linings, and remove from him any objectionable air of singularity."

Dixon could scarcely refrain from bursting into a horse-laugh at the cornet's impudent proposal ; but Mr. Oldenham, whose faculties seemed slightly obfuscated, to the no small astonishment of the captain, willingly consented ; and, stripping off his coat, proceeded to adopt the arrangement suggested by the cornet.

Dixon seeing, like a good sailor, which way the wind lay, next submitted, that if a piece of red bunting was tied round the banker's hat, after the manner of a mourner's crape, it would be a decided improvement to his costume ; and Pierce completed the farce, by insisting upon furnishing Mr. Oldenham with a pair of tar mustachios.

Whilst they were occupied in carrying these arrangements into effect, the boat had passed under the centre arch of the New Bridge, and

a loud and fearful crash, followed by a tremendous plunge, was heard.

“By G—d,” said Dixon, starting up, “the elephant is overboard—cast off—damn your bloods—cast off!”

And so in truth it was. The stage upon which the unfortunate elephant was placed, had been erected at such an elevation, as to render it impossible that it could pass under the arch of the bridge. And the crews of the two boats ahead had been too much occupied in witnessing Mr. Oldenham’s transformation to have observed a circumstance, so fraught with danger, until it was too late to prevent the disaster.

Crash, went the head and trunk of the elephant against the key-stone of the arch, with an impetus so sudden and overpowering, that the mock animal was forced back on its hinder

legs, and rolling to leeward, with Maurice Cogan and assistant in the interior, and Tom Barrett's representative on the exterior, sent the mayor, and Tolleken clean overboard. The consequent confusion may be easily imagined, nor was this all, for the tremendous check which the boats in tow received, brought them all into sudden contact, bang against each other, to the dismay and real danger of their respective crews; and when the two boats ahead pulled back to the assistance of the rear, such was the energy displayed on both sides, that the Lizard's barge was stove in against the butment; and Mr. Oldenham, who had risen from apprehension of the consequences, was also submerged. Our cornet, who had jested sufficiently with his friend, now thought it was time to play another part, and being as expert a swimmer as either Leander, Lord Byron, or Mr. Ekenhead, (indeed he had often floated from the

King's Quay to Passage, a distance of five miles, as well as dived into Hellhole), fearlessly plunged into the water, and seizing the hapless banker by the bunting, succeeded in delivering his head into the safe custody of Dixon.

Meanwhile the Old New Bridge seemed all alive; people had thronged from all quarters to be nearer spectators of the accident. The elephant, which was formed of basket-work, covered with canvas, floated like Leviathan, hugest monster of the deep, surrounded on all sides by the small craft, the persons in which endeavoured to keep it from sinking by the aid of oars, boat-hooks, and spars. Maurice Cogan, and his assistant, were not perfectly conscious of their precise situation, but having experienced the crash, and heard the prodigious splashing of the water, imagined that the barge, which they knew to be in an unsound state, had foundered altogether.

"It's all over with us—we're done for, and sold fairly," cried Cogan; "half a minute more and we'll be praying in heaven—like Jonah in the elephant's belly—can't you get out of that leg.—I should like to have one kick for it any how."

"Sure I'm cutting it as fast as I can, Cogan," replied his deputy, and in his efforts to release his principle and himself, the balance of the elephant was lost—the leg sunk downwards with his weight—the body rolled over—and the water rushed through the aperture which he had made. It was at this moment that the grand effort was making for their safety, and the prisoners hearing the sound of the voices, and being sensible of the thumps on the outside, knew that friends were near, and as a signal of distress began to work with extraordinary vehemence at the strings connected with

the machinery of the trunk and tail, to the great surprise and entertainment of the spectators on the bridge.

The cornet, who had swam round through another arch, now volunteered his services to carry a rope under the elephant; and, in conformity, dived twice beneath it with the utmost success. Tom Deane then arranged for slinging up the elephant, by directing the rope to be carried over a lamp-post, on the bridge, which having been secured under the body, and round the neck, it was hoisted up according to the orders of that distinguished architect. Nothing could be more amusing than its ascent: for the unconscious prisoners still continued their active exertions in the interior, producing most extraordinary and laughable flourishes from before and behind; and from their restlessness and perpetual motion, caused

the body to sway strangely backwards and forwards, the ludicrous effect of which was increased by the water gushing in abundance from every extremity.

END OF VOL. II.

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